June 1978

$1.50

HEAVY METAL

IND 36587

illustrated fantasy magazine

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

ANIMAL HOUSE

A comedy from Universal Pictures that will escape sometime this summer.

Starring: John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce,
and Donald Sutherland as "Jennings"
Plus a cast of 4,623 other very funny people.

Produced by Matty Simmons and Ivan Reitman
Directed by John Landis
Written by Harold Ramis, Doug Kenney, and Chris Miller

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editors,

I hope you use more *Pilote* stories in *Heavy Metal*. Their wealth of good material is endless.... Enki Bilal did a story called "Exterminator 17" that you should use....

Collin Kellogg
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Collin: Quite the little expert, aren't you? You're right, of course. We're in the process of having the "Exterminator" series colored, to run later this year. Thanks for the suggestion. –Ed.

Hello,

Come on, loosen up a little! If you're only gonna do a minimum of printing American art (look, I'm no patriot, I just like these guys *stuff*, you know?), why not delete some Corben and let us see Jeff Jones, Barry Smith, or (my all-time favorite) Michael Kaluta, in color? PS. Why don't you give credits to the translators?

Cat Yvon Wade
Mtn. Grove, Mo.

Dear Cat: We'd love to have Jones, Smith, Kaluta ...and, if we're lucky, some day we will. Meanwhile, we've signed Corben for a terrific new serial, so... PS. Valerie and Sean are too modest to take credits. –Eds.

Dear *H.M.*,

Well, now that all the bitching seems to be sufficiently vented, I would like to heartily thank you all for bringing *Heavy Metal* to our previously culturally emaciated newsstands. I am firmly convinced that all of those banally bourgeois folk who have written to you in the past with condemnation reeking from their foul words obviously were never properly weaned from "Conan" and that ilk of so-called "sword and sorcery."

Heavy Metal presents the widest variety and highest quality of visual fantasy and science fiction that may be found in this country today. If anything, we readers should be overwhelmed that someone finally gave us the opportunity to rise above the confines of the redundant world of comix in our search for colorful literary entertainment.

I, for one, salute your efforts. I can only hope that those who find fault with your publication may find solace elsewhere and stop boring those of us natural hedonists who derive nothing but pure and unrestrained pleasure from

continued on page 47

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things. The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.

The 84 proof Greek Specialty Liqueur
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Heavy Metal Vol. III, No. 2 June 1978

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...ANYWAY...

3 good ones get started this month: Corben's "Arabian Nights," Nino and Sturgeon's "More Than Human," & Voss's "Heilman"...a perfect *Heavy Metal* mix of sf, fantasy & rock.

Complete in this issue, as they say, is "Evolution," creation of Vaughn Bodé disciple Bob Aull which was—yes, folks!—considered too much for our German edition, *Star Fantasy*. There's also an 8-page preview of the new book written by comics' bad boy Don McGregor, *Sabre*. We will not be publishing the book *Sabre*, but the usual industry kickbacks apply, so you are urged to purchase same.

Rumors are to be believed re *HM* calendars, movies, posters, anthologies, albums, lunch buckets, decals & holiday camps for the chronically overimaginative child. Out is the only way to sell.

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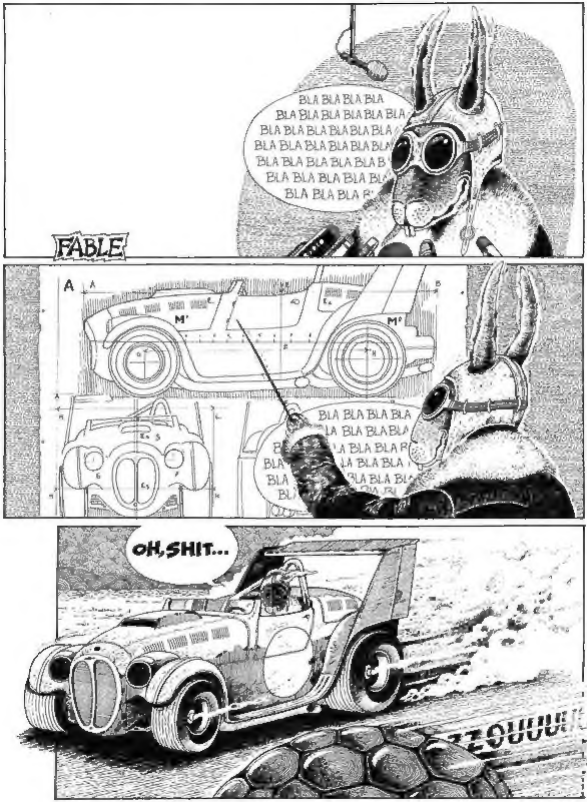
FABLE
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OH, SHIT...

New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Shahrazad
It is related (but Allah is All-Knowing!) that in time long gone before, two brothers turned their backs on Kingship to wander over the earth, searching for one whose calamity overmatched their own.

Each a victim of a faithless Queen, their thoughts dwelt only upon their wives' evil deeds, and sorrow hung heavily in their hearts. Shahryar spoke to his younger brother, Shahzaman:
O my brother, if I find none whose wife is more wanton than my own, then death will surely be more welcome to me than life!
By Allah, so it is with me, my brother!
©1978 RICHARD CORBEN & JAN STRNAD

And as the brothers wayfared by day and by night, not knowing when, if ever, they would return to their Kingdoms.

At last, when Destiny had brought them to the shade of a tree by the ocean shore, and when they were deep in sleep, Shahriyar was awakened by a distant roar as though the heavens were falling upon the earth.
Shahzaman! Wake up! The fury of Allah is upon us!
HAAARH!

Breathe the air and feel of the sea breeze, O my choicest love! I would sleep awhile—but think you not of escape . . .
. . . for (yawn) I will seek you out wherever you may hide!
Know that this beast snatched me on my wedding night that none might lay with me but him. But in revenge I have lain as many men as I've willed, and so would I do with you! Come down, or die the illest of deaths!
Come down, and fear not of this Ifrit, my husband, so long as you do as I bid!

Tell me my lady before we perform that service which you require—how many others have preceded us in this task?
Since the night of my capture this filthy Ifrit has carried me to many lands distant and strange and with every opportunity I have taken vengeance against him.
My lovers have numbered five hundred and seventy and now I would count two more
By Allah, such a number is strong precedent indeed. Under pain of death I shall not thwart you!
Then you are wise and may live to see the morrow
So onto the silky layers of the Jinnee's loincloth, the brothers did as they were advised

Such a abundant provocation
Allah! Surely this woman has dealt a greater injustice to this Ifrit—so much more powerful than we—than what has be fallen us!

Such is also my desire O my brother
Let us return to our countries and our palaces, and there decide our course of action against all womankind

Returning to his city, Shahryar summoned his wife and his Wazir and made a proclamation

I command my wife, the Queen to be put to death, for she has broken her marriage vow. Such is her just fate.

Henceforth I shall marry a maiden each night and I shall slay her the following morning, as there is no woman to be trusted on the face of the earth.

You, my Wazir I entrust with the duty of obtaining my virgin bride for each night, and of her execution the next morning. To fail me in this respect will be to lose your head

Such was King Shahriyar's practice for the space of three years. Mothers wept and parents fled the city with their daughters, until no virgin remained for the King's pleasure. Presently the Wazir went forth and, finding no suitable bride returned home in sorrow and in fear for his life. His eldest daughter, Shahrazad perceived the cause of his anxiety and offered herself as the King's bride, but the Wazir would not hear of such a plan.

My will cannot be changed, Father. If I must I shall approach the King as one and offer myself against your wishes and then we shall both die.

O my daughter, must this need be?

Even so.

Allah be merciful and make me not desolate by your loss.

Do not fear, my father. If my sister Dunyazad will accompany me and do as I instruct, we shall end this slaughter of women for all time.

That night, when Dunyazad perceived that the King had had his will with Shahrazad, the sister spoke as she had been instructed.

Allah upon you, O my sister recite for us a story to while away the hours of our last night together!

Tell on, for I am sleepless this night and would be pleased to hear a tale.

Gladly will I do so. Dunyazad, providing the King will permit.

So Shahrazad began the tale of the Merchant and the Jinnee, but before she had reached the tale's end she perceived the light of day, and ceased her permitted say.

Many nights were passed in like manner, and each morning Shahrazad ceased her story with the first light of dawn and was granted a stay of execution.

How fair is your story, Shahrazad, and how delightful!

It is nothing to what I could relate this coming night, were I to live and the King to spare me.

By Allah, I shall not slay you (yawn) until I've heard the rest of your tale!

I'm worried, Sister. How long can you continue these tales?

As long as I must.

But it is impossible to do so forever. Surely there must come an end.

I believe myself pregnant by the King. If such is the case, perhaps that will be of some aid to us.

For a thousand nights and a night, Shahrazad entertained the King with stories of great adventures and of folk gone before and among that time she bore him three sons

Whereupon she appeared before Shahryar and asked of him a favor

O King of the age, these are your children and I ask that you release me from the doom of death for if you slay me they will become motherless and you will find none to rear them properly

for I found you pure chaste, and pious We shall marry with regal ceremony and know you that my brother seeks also your sister Dunyazad in wedlock Will you permit it?

With but one condition —that your brother the King abide with us here for and my sister were raised together and cannot endure separation one from the other

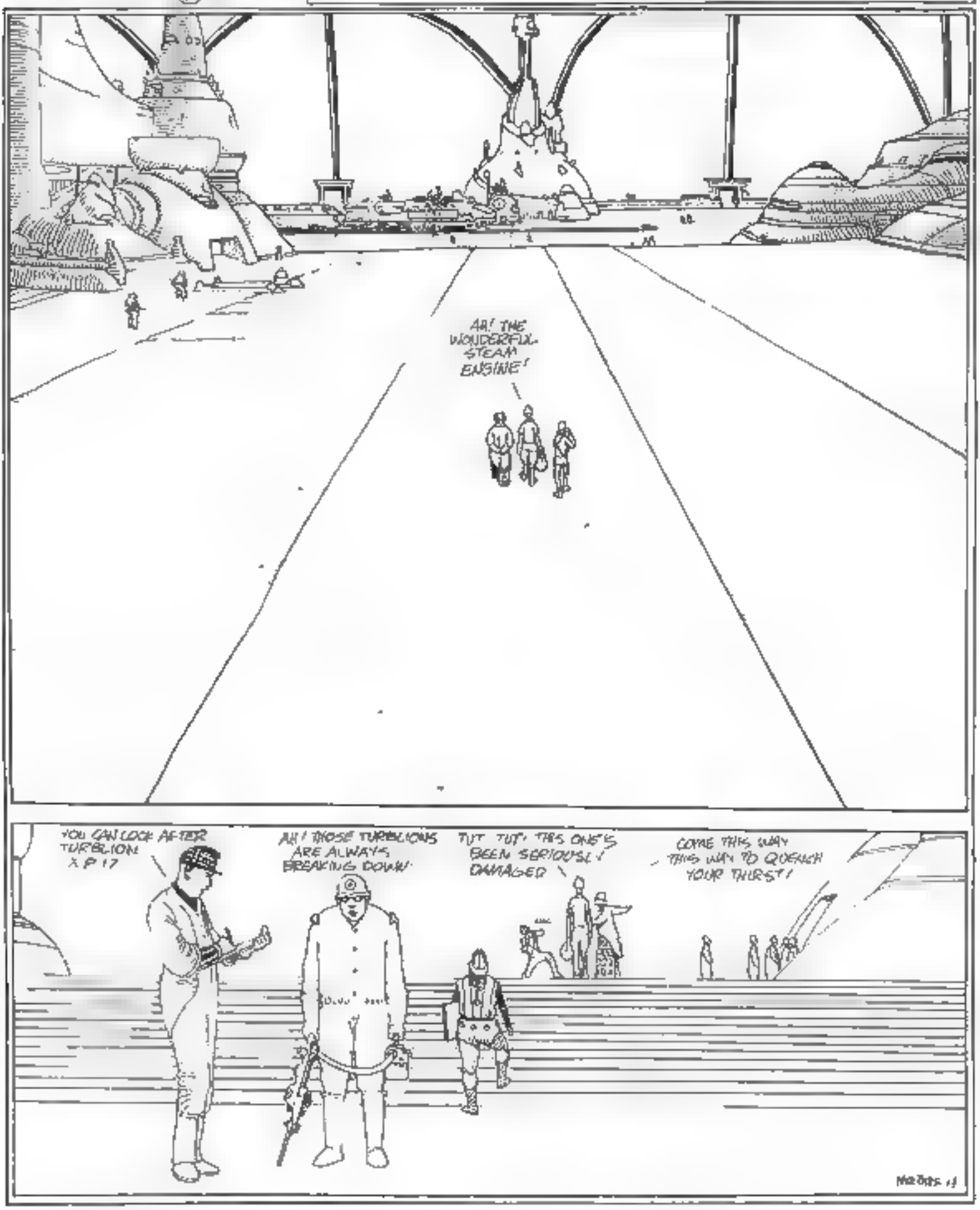
So the two brothers lived with their wives in all pleasure for indeed Allah the Most High had changed their sorrow into joy and in due time all was chronicled and the book was called—

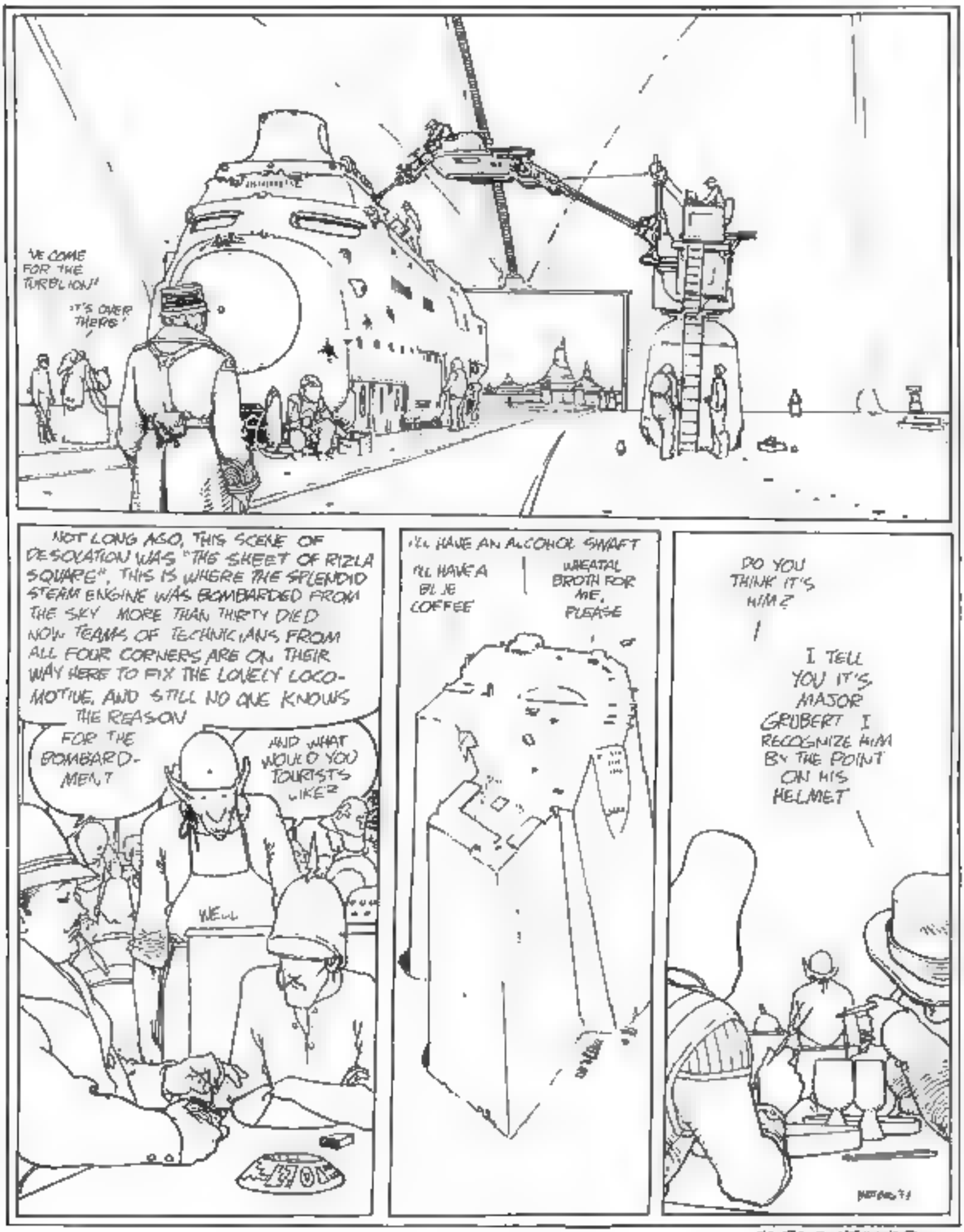
The Stories of the Thousand Nights and a Night

You have the look of a thief about you, Dunyazad
Oh
Shahrazad... praise Allah! thought I was discovered
And so you are, my sister. Tell me... what duty calls you from your chambers at such an hour?
In truth, I was practicing an escape from the palace
I'm so unhappy here. It's pleasant enough, but... so boring! I want adventure. I want to make great journeys like those of Sindbad the Seaman
Happiness lies in the path of the Prophet, Dunyazad, not in Sindbad's
Would you like to hear the tale of Sindbad's final voyage, an adventure beyond the seven I told the King?
very much!
Then stay with me and... I begin the story for you tonight
But Allah is All-Knowing!
It has reached me, my sister, that one day a stranger appeared in Baghdad, seeking after Sindbad the Seaman

The Airlight Garage

STORY TO DATE


AH! THE WONDERFUL STEAM ENGINE!
YOU CAN LOOK AFTER TURBLION XP17
AH! THOSE TURBLIONS ARE ALWAYS BREAKING DOWN!
TUT TUT! THIS ONE'S BEEN SERIOUSLY DAMAGED
COME THIS WAY THIS WAY TO QUENCH YOUR THIRST!

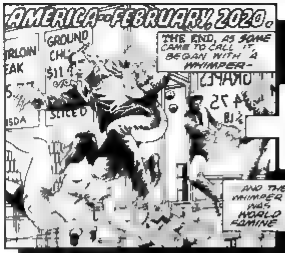

WE COME FOR THE TURBLION!
IT'S OVER THERE!
NOT LONG AGO, THIS SCENE OF DESOLATION WAS "THE SHEET OF RIZLA SQUARE", THIS IS WHERE THE SPLENDID STEAM ENGINE WAS BOMBARDED FROM THE SKY MORE THAN THIRTY DIED NOW TEAMS OF TECHNICIANS FROM ALL FOUR CORNERS ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE TO FIX THE LOVELY LOCOMOTIVE, AND STILL NO ONE KNOWS THE REASON
FOR THE BOMBARDMENT
AND WHAT WOULD YOU TOURISTS LIKE?
WELL
I'LL HAVE AN ALCOHOL SHAFT
I'LL HAVE A BLUE COFFEE
WHEATAL BROTH FOR ME, PLEASE
DO YOU THINK IT'S HIM?
I TELL YOU IT'S, MAJOR GRUBERT I RECOGNIZE HIM BY THE POINT ON HIS HELMET

TO BE CONTINUED

Sabre
Don McGregor
& Paul Gulacy

PROLOGUE ONE!

SABRE


AMERICA--FEBRUARY, 2020
GROUND CHUCK
$11.9
THE END, AS SOME CAME TO CALL IT, BEGAN WITH A WHIMPER--
AND THE WATERS WERE WORLD FAMINE

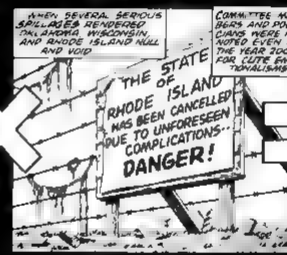
ON SOLD
BUT THE END REALLY ENDED WITH A DEVASTATING PLAGUE THAT KEPT EVERYONE EATING.
RUMOR HAD IT BACK IN 1988, THAT A VIRULENT BACILLUS HAD LEAKED FROM AN ORBITALLY MANGEMENT TOP SECRET LABORATORY, BUT, OF COURSE, THAT WAS ONLY A VICIOUS 1988 RUMOR--
PIZZA OVEN
WHICH WAS, DURING THE PURGE, VIOLENTLY DENIED.

IN 1982, FOUR YEARS AFTER THE END, THE THERMAL RADIATION FROM NUCLEAR REACTORS COMBINED WITH ALTERED WEATHER PATTERNS TO GIVE THEIR YIELD--

THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS LABELED THEM CRITICS AS PESSIMISTIC PARANOIDS, WHICH PROVED TO BE SOME OF THE MOST POLITICAL SCOTTISHES THEY WERE STILL CAPABLE OF INCISIVE NAME-CALLING.

THE NUCLEAR REGULATORY COMMITTEE, HAVING COMMITTED ITSELVES WITH UNIT HERSELF TO 500,000 YEARS OF VIGILANT SAFE GUARDING OF PLUTONIUM WASTES, DID NOT EVEN BLUSH IN THE YEAR 2006--

TERRORISTS, BECOMING MORE PLENTIFUL, MANAGED, IN THEIR BLIND BIDS FOR RANK, POWER, AND RETRIBUTION, TO CONTAMINATE THE ENTIRE WATER SUPPLY OF MANHATTAN.


WHEN SEVERAL SERIOUS SALMONELLA OUTBREAKS RENDERED TWO ARIZONA MACKEREL AND RHODE ISLAND NULL AND VOID
COMMITTEE MEMBERS AND POLITICIANS COULD NOT BE NOTED EVEN IN THE YEAR 2006, FOR LUTE TRADITIONALISM.
THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND HAS BEEN CANCELLED DUE TO UNFORESEEN COMPLICATIONS--
DANGER!

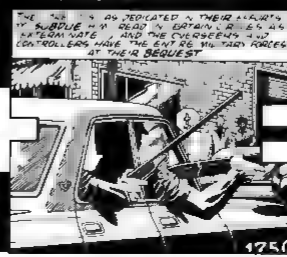
WHILE THE WORLD POWERS WAGED WHIMPERING WARS OF LESS THAN PERSUASIVE, AMERICANS TURNED, DURING THE YEAR 2016, TO A DIVERSIONARY FAD. THE NATION WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DIVERT ITS ATTENTION FROM THE AFTERMATH OF THE END.

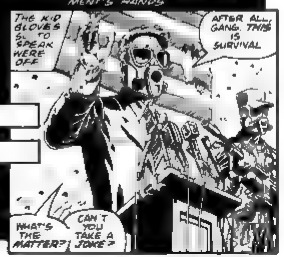
THE OVAL OFFICE SOON PUT A STOP TO SUCH HOARDING OF WEAPONRY, BUT DID NOT DISCOVER THE TONE OF THE TIMES. INDIVIDUAL, AN IN-GOVERNMENT EUPHEMISM FOR REBELS, WERE UNDER THE GUN.

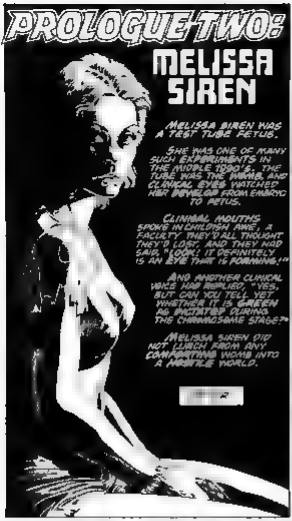
HE CALLS HIMSELF SABRE. HE IS A ROGUISH ANARCHIST, OR SO HE'D LIKE TO THINK. HE IS DEDICATED TO EVADING AND OUTWITTING THE POWER MANDATES OF 2020.

THE GOVERNMENT, ASSAULTED FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT, RETREATED TO A CENTRAL FORTRESS. THEY REASONED THAT ANY REBELLION MUST BE FOUGHT WITH OPEN WEAPONRY. NO MORE TYING OF THE GOVERNMENT'S HANDS.

NEW FLINTLOCK LASER
AUTHENTIC MODEL 1782
SUPPLIES LAST!
GUNS AND BOOTS!
A MAIL ORDER ENTREPRENEUR IS OFFERED AIRCHAIR
HIMSELF WITH FUTURISTIC EMBELLISHMENTS FOR HOME USE. THE FLINTLOCK LASER OUTSOLD, WITHIN ONE WEEK, VOLUMES 88 ST. AND 90 OF GOLDEN OLDIES OF THE FIFTIES.

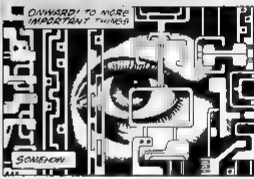





PROLOGUE TWO:
MELISSA SIREN
MELISSA SIREN WAS A TEST TUBE FETUS.
SHE WAS ONE OF MANY SUCH EXPERIMENTS IN THE MIDDLE 1990's. THE TUBE WAS THE WOMB, AND CLONING, EVEN CATCHES HER DEVELOP FROM EMBRYO TO FETUS.
CLINICAL MOUTHS SPOKE IN CHILDREN, AND A FACULTY THEY'D ALL THOUGHT THEY'D LOST, AND NEVER SAID, "LOOK! IT DEFINITELY IS AN EYE THAT IS FORMING!"
AND ANOTHER CLINICAL VOICE SAID, "YES, BUT CAN YOU TELL YET WHETHER IT IS GREEN OR BROWN DURING THE CHROMOSOME STAGE?"
MELISSA SIREN DID NOT LUNCH FROM ANY CONVENTIONAL WOMB INTO A MEDICAL WORLD.

MOTHERS HAD FINALLY BEEN REPLACED, AND CLINICAL MANKIND AS WELL. AS CLINICAL WOMANKIND REJOICED!
MAN-- NO LONGER BEHOLDEN TO WOMEN AS CARRIERS OF LIFE

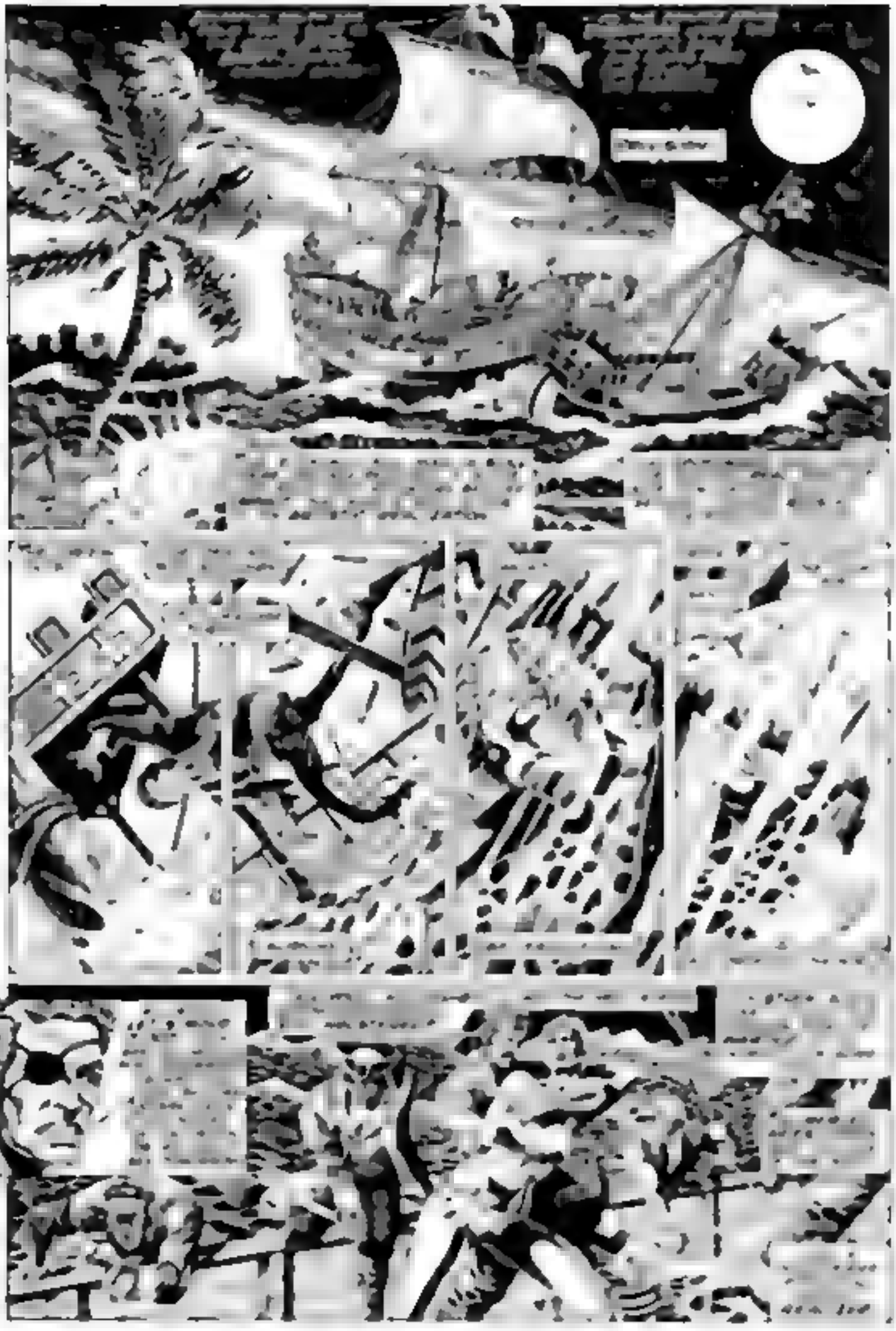
AND AS FOR CLINICAL WOMANKIND? WELL, NO LONGER WOULD THE FEMALE SPECIES HAVE TO PROVE ITS WORTHY BY BEARING CHILDREN


ONWARD! TO MORE IMPORTANT THINGS
SOMEHOW...

SOMEHOW MELISSA SIREN SUSPECTED AS SHE GREW AND AT TENDED MOTIVATION CLASSES, SOMENOW SHE SUSPECTED THAT SOMETHING HAD BEEN LOST SOMEWHERE.
IT WAS A THOUGHT THAT PLAGUED HER IRRETRIEVABLE NIGHTS AND LEFT HER FORLORN IN MEANINGLESS DAYS.

MELISSA WAS NOT SURE WHAT HAD BEEN LOST--
AND SHE WASN'T SURE THERE HADN'T BEEN ANYTHING GAINED--
BUT SHE FELT A CENTRAL EMPTINESS--

--AN AWARENESS OF NOT BEING LINKED TO MORE THAN A SHAPE OF GLASS CONCEPTION STOLEN FROM ORGASM ORIGINS. (WELL NOW, DID THE WOMAN HAVE ONE? NINE? NONE?) SOMETIMES SHE THOUGHT SHE KNEW WHAT HAD BEEN LOST -- MAGIC.
BUT THEN, SOMETHING SO RANCIFUL COULD NOT HAVE CAUSED HER DISCONTENT.
AFTER ALL, AS ALL THOSE CLINICAL VOICES WOULD BE QUICK TO POINT OUT, OF WHAT IMPORTANCE IS MAGIC?



HELLO, SABRE
WE MEET AGAIN. ABOUT TIME, TOO
I TRY MY BEST
YOU MAKE THIS JOB HELL, YOU KNOW
WITHOUT YOU DRIVING THE OVER SEER INTO A FRENZY MY SALARY FOR ROUNDING UP THE RABBLE WOULD BE EXORBITANT
THEY STAND, TESTING EACH OTHER ONE ON ONE BLADE TO BLADE IN BOTH THEIR EYES. THERE IS A GRUDGINGLY ADMITTED ADMIRATION, AS IF EACH RECOGNIZES THAT HE FACES A SPLENDID ADVERSARY
AS IT IS, HE'S GETTING A BARGAIN!
GROUSE APPEARS AGAINST THE FLAMING BACKDROP OF WOOD AND CLOTH -
AND HIS CHUCKLE, DEEP BUT MERRY, IS LOST IN THE BURNING NIGHT!
MELANIA SEES THAT HAND CAPABLE OF TENDERLY TOUCHING HER LIPS, STROKING HER
- AND HER EYES TRY TO STOP THE ACT!
HERE'S TO NASTY DREAMS, SWEETHEART!
FLAMES LEAP
BLOOD DRIPS SLOWLY
I APOLOGIZE, SABRE
I TRUST YOU'LL BELIEVE THIS IS NOT THE WAY I WOULD HAVE HANDLED THE SITUATION -
- BUT WHAT IS ONE TO DO - -
GOOD HELP IS SO HARD TO FIND THESE DAYS

IDENTITY IMAGES. REFLECTED. TORN APART. PROFILE. FRONTAL. FULL LENGTH. ACCENTUATION OF AN INDIVIDUAL FACET SUCH AS EYES. HE COMES AWAKE...SWEATING...AND SEES HIMSELF MIRRORED INTO INFINITY. IS THAT TRULY HIM...TRULY HOW HE LOOKS?
THE WOUNDED HAND COMES ALIVE NEXT, AND FEELS LIKE A SEPARATE PAINFUL ENTITY ONE WITH ITS OWN BLOOD PULSE. THE TENDONS THICKEN IN HIS ARMS. AND AS HIS MIND ASKS WHERE HE IS. AN EXTERNAL VOICE ASKS WHO HE IS. AND WHY
"I M BEGINNING TO IMAGINE MY HORROR
ANY REACTION...THE REACTION OF THE RESPONSIBLE MEN WHO WANT THE BEST FOR OUR SOCIETY...
..IS TO GIVE PEOPLE THE MAXIMUM OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE THEIR COMMUNITY
YES
TO BE VALID, YOU MUST PRODUCE FOR SOCIETY...OR ELSE WHY DO YOU EXIST?
THE QUESTION IS...DO I NEED...
TO JUSTIFY IT?
YES!
YOU SEE, SABRE, THAT'S WHAT WE MUST CHANGE. YOUR ATTITUDE. YOU GIVE IN TO SUCH OUTBURSTS OF ANGER THAT IT MAKES YOUR STABILITY SUSPECT. DO YOU SEE?
I'M GLAD YOU WERE.
I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR MEETING
YOU ARE WONDERING WHERE YOU ARE? THIS IS THE SYNCHRONIZATION CENTER. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE HEARD OF IT BEFORE. I AM THE OVERSEER
TO YOU?
YES!
I'M AFRAID I MUST DISAGREE
YOU CANNOT REFUTE THE LOGIC OF THE SYSTEM.
WHY--
--NOT?
BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE. THERE IS NO ROOM FOR SUCH NEGATIVE TRAITS IN A SOCIETY AS OVERCROWDED AND COMPLEX AS OURS.
AND THEREFORE I SHOULDN'T CRITICIZE--
--OR MENTION--
ANY FLAWS--
--IN YOUR PRECIOUS SYSTEM?
YOU WILL LEARN IN MOMENTS...BY MORNING YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THAT...SYNCHRONIZATION...ALLOWS HUMANS TO REALIZE THEIR LIVES.
I SEE
TO YOU LIFE NEEDS REGULATION
JUST AS MAN NEEDS A REASON TO EXIST, YOU ARE HARMLESS AS YOU ARE. OF NO BENEFICIAL CONSEQUENCE TO MANKIND.
WELL, IF I DO HAVE TO ...JUSTIFY...MY EXISTENCE...IT IS TO MYSELF ...AND NOT... TO YOU!

THE TRANSLATOR SCREENS GO BLANK.. LIKE SABRE'S EYES.
THAT'S NOT THE WAY HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TREATED.
HE DESERVED BETTER THAN THAT.
WHAT DID YOU SAY, MERCENARY BLOOD?
NOTHING YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND, TECHNICIAN VISIONS I'M SURE
ESTEEMED CONGRESS, I HAVE A LITTLE DRAMA SCHEDULED, ONE THAT SHOULD PROVE TO YOU AND OUR PRESIDENT THAT THIS SUBVERSIVE HAS BEEN EFFECTIVELY.. SUBDUED. BROKEN
MISTY, WOULD YOU TUNE IN THE BROTHEL BILLET?
"THIS IS A MOST UNORTHODOX PRESENTATION, I CONCEDE, BUT ONE IN WHICH WE WILL PROVE THAT SABRE CAN BE TAUGHT CONSTRUCTIVE LIFE STYLES. HE WILL BE A PARAGON OF ENTHUSIASTIC WILLINGNESS TO PERFORM, AND THUS, SINCE HIS POPULARITY AMONGST THE REBEL COLONIES, A BRILLIANT TESTIMONY TO OUR REIGN. WE HAVE PLACED MELISSA SIREN IN ONE OF OUR INSTALLATION'S BROTHEL SUITES. SABRE HAS EXHIBITED A MARKEDLY FIERCE PROTECTIVE STREAK TOWARD THIS WOMAN. A THROWBACK, OBVIOUSLY, TO THOSE OLD CINEMA IDEOLOGIES THAT HE SEEMS.. LET ME CORRECT THAT.. SEEMED.. TO CHERISH."
"..PLUS ONE OF HIS HUMAN MILITARY SPECIAL TASTS."
"WE WILL LET SABRE VIEW THIS MELISSA WITH A FEW OF MERCENARY BLACKSTAR BLOOD'S ANIMATRONIC TRACKERS -"
"HE WON'T REACT OBSERVE"
BLACKSTAR SEES THEIR FIGURES ON THE OVERHEAD MONITORS. WHY WASN'T HE NOTIFIED OF THIS.. THIS..? HIS MIND CANNOT FIND AN APPROPRIATE WORD.

THE OVERSEER RELEASES SABRE'S SHACKLES SABRE FALLS TO HIS KNEES. STILL IMPRISONED
YOU WILL FIND THAT WHEN YOU CO-OPERATE, SABRE, WE CAN BE VERY APPRECIATIVE SATISFY ALL YOUR DESIRES, WHATEVER THE TASTE.
AND YOU WILL FIND LIFE LESS DEPRESSING—LESS DIFFICULT TO GET THROUGH THE DAY.
HE RELIVES THE BLEEDING MEMORIES RIPPED FROM RAGGED BRAIN TISSUE, ALMOST GONE, OOZING OVER MUCOID GRAY, LOSING IT ALL, BUT FIGHTING, GODDAMNIT, TO KEEP IT, HIS PAST HIS IDENTITY! HE REMEMBERS MELISSA'S PASSION AND CARING, AND ALSO THE OVERSEER PATTING HIS HEAD AS HE STRIKES!
THAT'S NOT LIFE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT OVERSEER.
THAT'S ONLY ANOTHER KIND OF DEATH
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, OVERSEER. YOU'RE WONDERING, "HOW THE HELL DID HE DO IT? HOW THE HELL DID HE OUT-LAST MY PRECIOUS EQUIPMENT?"
YOU CAME CLOSE. CLOSER THAN I'D LIKE TO ADMIT! I FELT EVERYTHING TEARING AWAY BUT ALL DURING YOUR SYNCHRONIZATION PROCESS, I KEPT YOUR FACE BEFORE ME!
I WOULDN'T BETRAY ANY OF MY ANGER ANY EMOTION...UNTIL YOU MADE A MISTAKE... UNTIL I HAD MY FREEDOM AGAIN!
DON'T TRY IT!
YOU'LL COST YOUR GOVERNMENT A VERY EXPENSIVE FUNERAL IF YOU DO, AND LORD KNOWS, I WOULDN'T WANT THAT ON MY CONSCIENCE
I'D DEAL WITH YOU NOW, OVERSEER BUT MY LADY AWAITS.
AND YOU'RE RIGHT. I WON'T HAVE HER SULLIED WITH THE SCARS YOU'D LEAVE HER WITH!
I TRUST YOU'LL KEEP SEARCHING FOR ME UNTIL I FIND YOU AND WHEN THAT TIME DOES ARRIVE I PROMISE YOU ONLY ONE OF US WILL WALK AWAY
COUNT ON IT, OVERSEER! YOU CAN COUNT MOST DEARLY ON THAT FACT
END

6 FROM HEAVY METAL

CONQUERING ARMIES: From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¼" x 13⅛" $4.95 HM4013

PSYCHOROCK. Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11" by 9" $3.95 HM4010

ULYSSES, PART I. Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color 9" x 11" $6.95 HM4014

ARZACH: All four of the brilliant full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. $5.95 HM4011

IS MAN GOOD? From *Heavy Metal*'s first year, the collected full-color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful Ballade, the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque little story. This fifty-six page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal*'s most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9" x 11". $5.95. HM4015

CANDICE AT SEA. A new comic heroine in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise. Candice who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9" by 11". $3.95 HM4012

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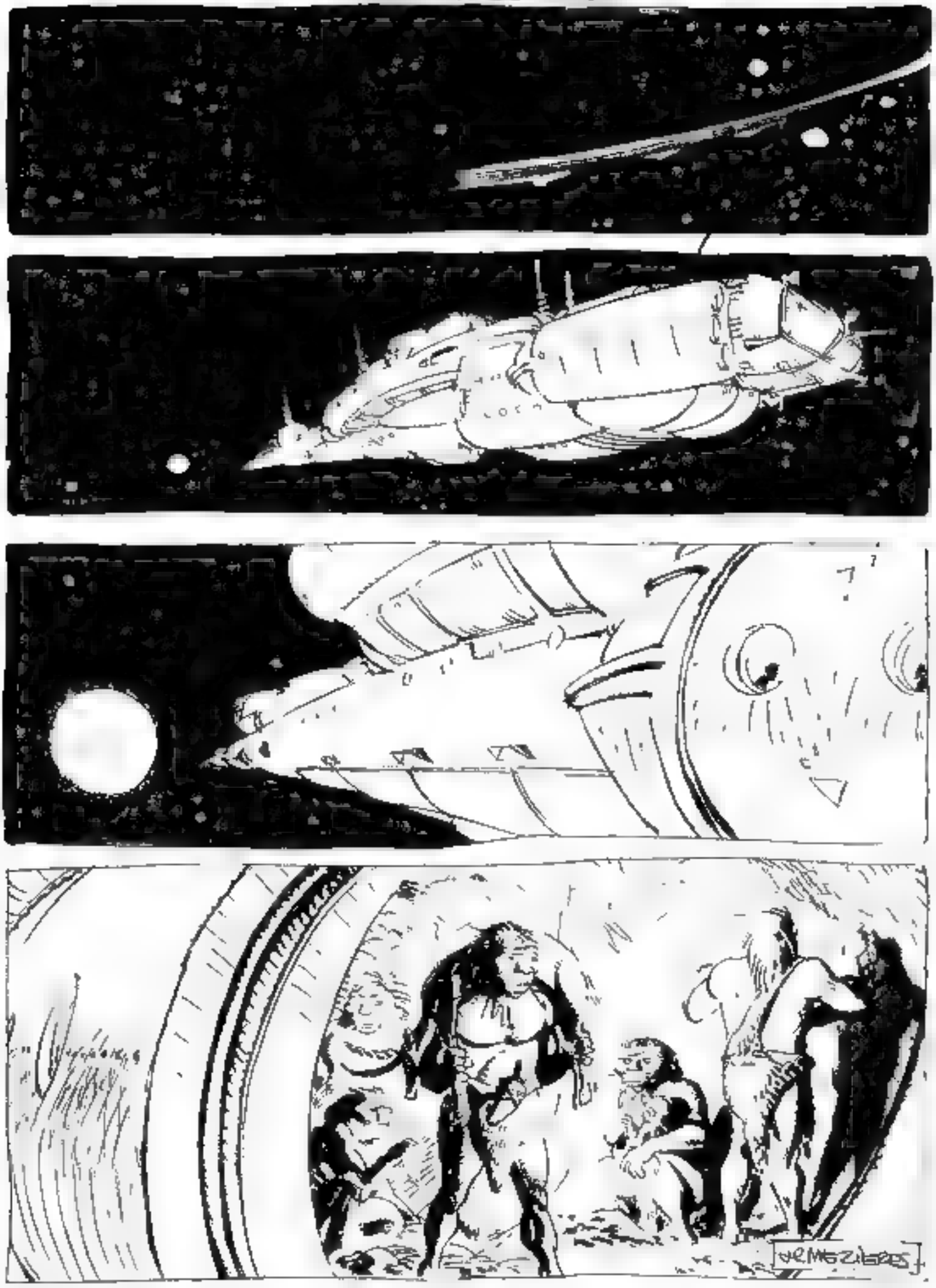
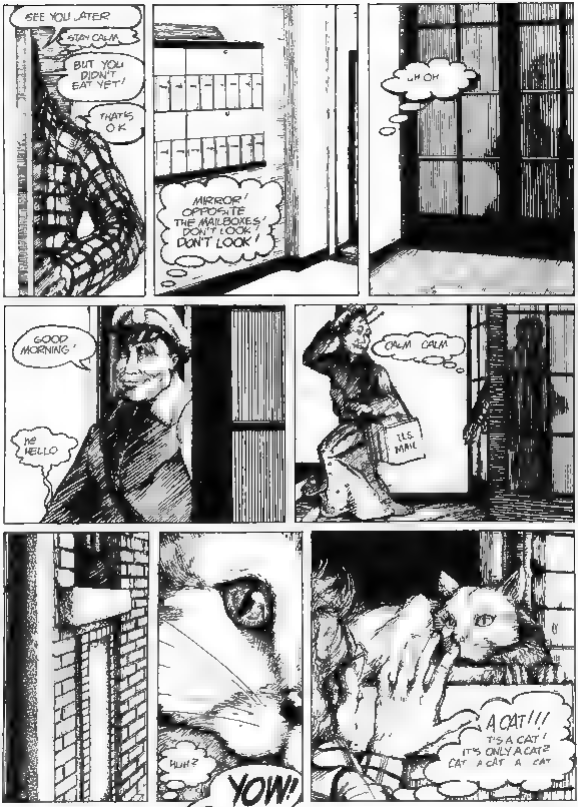
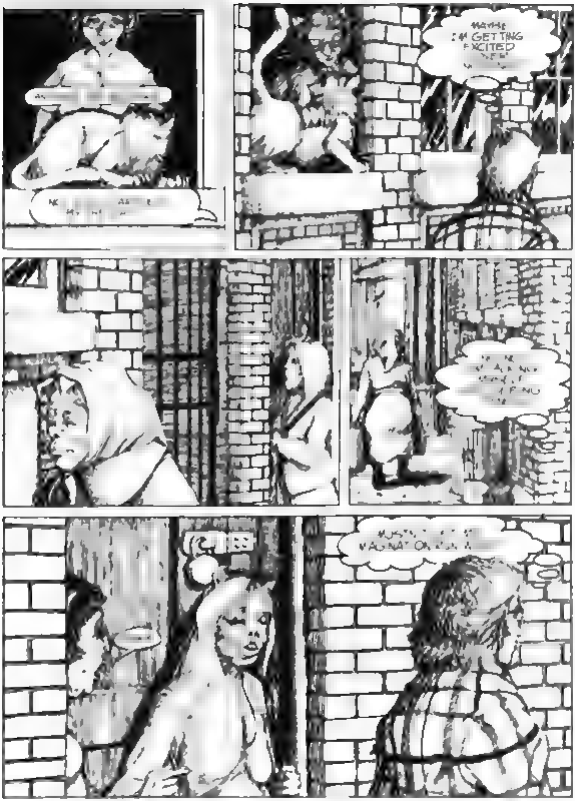
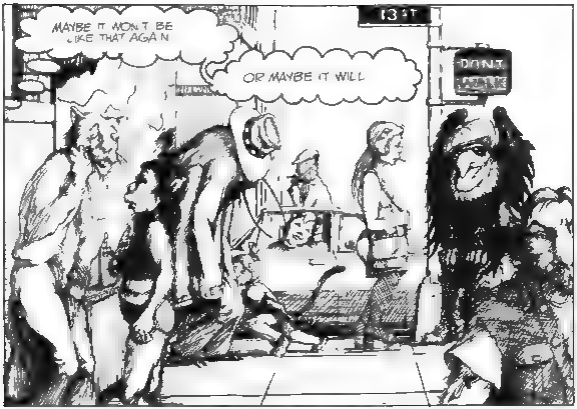


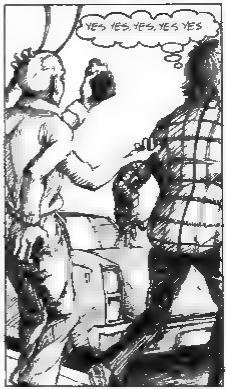
RRRIINNG
THEM CHANGES
by SNEZIN©1978

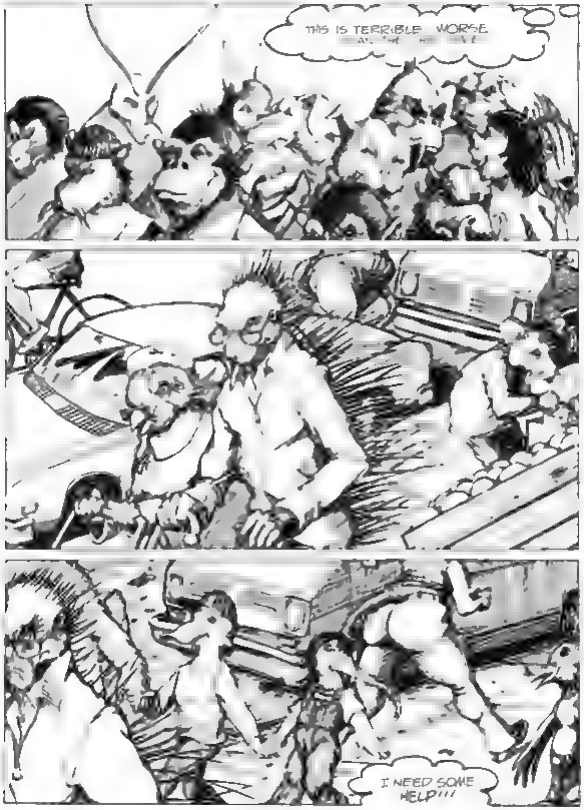
LOOK HONEY, VALLEY
MORNING
HERE YOU ARE NOTHING LIKE A HOT BREAKFAST
ANYTHING WRONG? ...HAVE THE ODDEST EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE
OH, GOD! IT'S GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS!


SEE YOU LATER
STAY CALM
BUT YOU DIDN'T EAT YET!
THAT'S O.K
MIRROR! OPPOSITE THE MAILBOXES! DON'T LOOK! DON'T LOOK!
UH OH
GOOD MORNING!
HELLO
CALM CALM
IT'S MINE
WUH?
YOW!
A CAT!!!
IT'S A CAT!
IT'S ONLY A CAT?
CAT A CAT A CAT


MAYBE I'M GETTING EXCITED

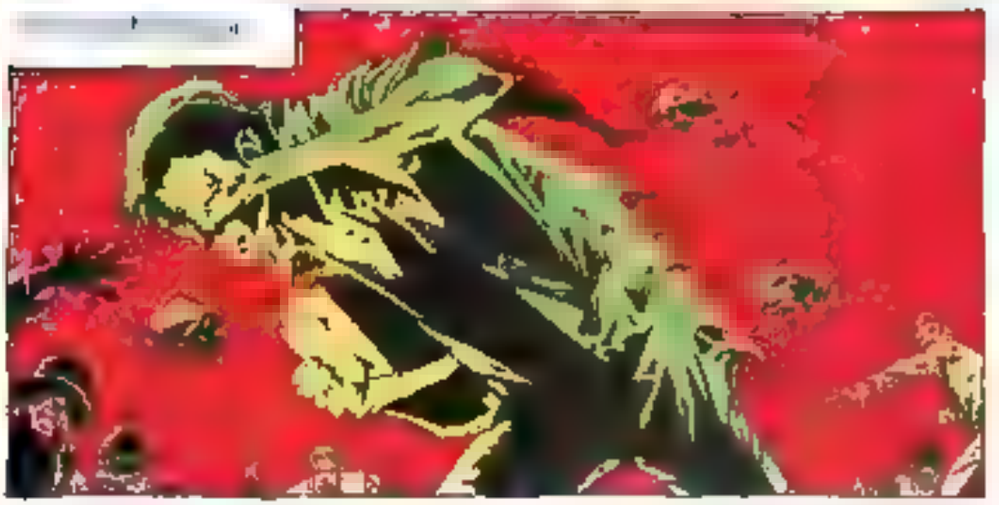

MAYBE IT WON'T BE LIKE THAT AGAIN
OR MAYBE IT WILL
DON'T WALK

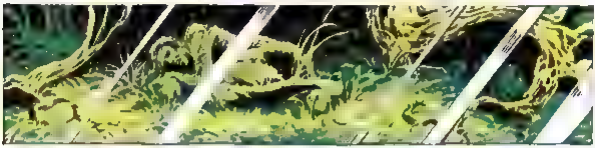

YES, YES, YES, YES, YES

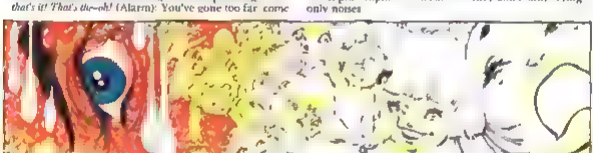

THIS IS TERRIBLE. WORSE.
I NEED SOME HELP!!!

BUT BUT
NEXT!
THE END

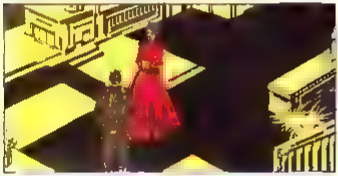
THEODORE STURGEON'S
MORE THAN
HUMAN

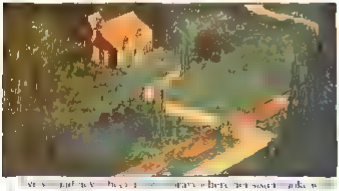






Only rising
noises





I am the very best of fathers and I know all the evil there is, Alicia. You know all the evil which must be avoided, but your sister knows no evil at all." It was Alicia's nineteenth birthday and Mr. Kew had been saying as much to her since she was four, since her mother died giving birth to *Evelyn* [illegible] to [illegible] imagination at last awake and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]

Your sister [illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] heard her father explain how a man went mad if he was alone with a woman. At thirteen she told him she had [illegible] his eyes. Mr. Kew said that it was because she had been thinking about her body. He punished her body until Alicia [illegible] existed.

[illegible] lived in a place cut off and apart. Behind the house there was a [illegible] and a pond, bracketed by bars and cement. This closed [illegible] above it were Evelyn's entire world.

[illegible] where her sister [illegible] [illegible]. She had not been taught to read. Knowledge was given to her when they decided she was ready for it. She had been taught to obey.

Evelyn sat by the pond, glimpsed her ankle and gasped. She covered it quickly, as Alicia would. The flesh must be disciplined. Father said so.

It was [illegible] moment of spring when all the world [illegible] amorous [illegible] beauty. B[illegible] there was [illegible] sweet[illegible]ness and [illegible] puzzle [illegible]

[illegible] longed [illegible]

M[illegible] Kew could not know that even [illegible] seeped in [illegible] breathed the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] who [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] something [illegible]

[illegible] for a long time [illegible] slowly. *The bars* [illegible] *not yield.*

His hands stopped [illegible] eyes [illegible] warmed through the [illegible]

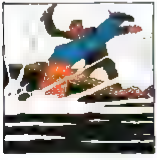
[illegible] along the bars [illegible] side of the [illegible]

[illegible] watched and sang [illegible] She had [illegible] of [illegible] these songs [illegible] ing.

[illegible] the garden
May we touch the gardens
Beauty, oh beauty of touchness
Spread like a leaf, nothing between me
and the sky but light
Rain touches me, wind touches me
Leaves, other leaves, touch and touch me

[illegible] *nothing!*

[illegible] *touch* [illegible]



When [illegible] saw her father returning [illegible] was not his clothes or his [illegible]. It was something else.

Father [illegible]

She followed him into the library where he [illegible] cabinet she had [illegible] opened [illegible].

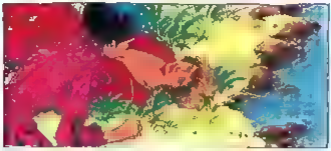
[illegible]

... and [illegible] that he [illegible] [illegible].

She was never to forget that look. [illegible] with [illegible] the trigger [illegible] she [illegible].

[illegible]

Then a mess whimpering. *Where … Where … [illegible]* The house did not answer.



S[illegible] [illegible] Evel[illegible] [illegible] the po[illegible]

"*Better let me,*" she said [illegible]. "*I'm going to sleep.*" [illegible] *person* [illegible] *and the* [illegible] *anything at all anywhere?*"

Love—it's a madness. It's bad

It *isn't* bad [illegible] ever woke up. I wanted [illegible] that [illegible] *move you.* Run and [illegible] *deep* [illegible]. Ma[illegible] with [illegible] meaning. I so wanted that I didn't know [illegible] how I [illegible] *oh, Alicia.* There it is [illegible] The [illegible] with the sun on its body." The [illegible] eyes were wide, looking on the darkening sky. Alicia looked up.

She [illegible] when she looked [illegible] Alicia knew Evelyn was no longer [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] was [illegible] of weeping. [illegible] her and [illegible] her [illegible] the [illegible] and even then it seemed to go on inside her

to be continued.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL 1977 With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak and more ($5.00)

HM #2 MAY 1977: Introducing Rugo, the paranoid puppet; Vargo the cosmic mutilon; Russell as conquers Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival; while Harzak, Sunpot and Den continue ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE 1977 Features Nightmagic poetry by Corben's creator Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockbillys; the highly praised Sheik; the first chapter of Dave's World Apart; more Den, Sunpot and Harzak ($3.00)

HM #4, JULY 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and Big's "I spy" saga. The Long Tomorrow; plus the end of Sunpot as her adventures of Our, the psychic Nop Semo, and the horrible Gehl Queem ($3.00)

HM #5, AUGUST 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes; while World Apart and Den continue all amidst talking plants, samurai puppets, sex and violence ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3.00)

HM #7 OCTOBER 1977 Packed with knights, tanks, pilots, insanity, reincarnation and other harmless pastimes. 0 pages of color! Mentions the Airtight Garage, Den and Paranoia Peak, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977 With nine color pages by Moebius and Bernhard, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, 64 pages, interlocal shticks, birth and death, stars and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the happiest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977 This time, count up to 84 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vaxx, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Final by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to all color contributions from regulars Corben, Manuele, Clavelloux and Moebius ($3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Jarbalo, we got Meynan to do a Heavy Metal calendar girl, we concluded Conque ing Armies and continued Den. Of course you knew about the Incas, fog lights and the time warp ($2.00)

HM #11 FEBRUARY 1978 Whilsoin begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to the enemies and nude to the friends, and continue the Epsilon Eridani quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus. Be Crusader Adlit, the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual antics of Den ($2.00)

HM #12, MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evil of witch hunts and the perils of witchcraft; the problems of mass transit and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus the first swashbuckling episode of Druuna. More Barbarella. More Den. And still more Den ($2.00)

HM #3, APRIL, 1978. Big deal first anniversary issue with 30 pages wasted from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the long must die death's duel and the undead Burroughs gaus, both Den and the strips across the logue to Den ($2.00)

HM #14/MAY, 1978. Does in Den the Mad, locales E. Deride goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time-travels and cerebrally rap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Druuna and Barbarella ($2.00)

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continued from page 4

your magazine with her pets all picking. Let's face it, *Heavy Metal* is not perfect, but it's pretty damn close.

Jocelyn Beard Cairns
Mahopac, N.Y.

Dear Heavy People

Great Howard Phillips Ghost! Could it be no less a power than the feared Cthulhu keeping a hate filled eye on Den and Company?

Brian Matthews
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Dear Editors

I am not pleased with you, nor I am sure am I alone. In your last issue eight out of seventeen features end with "to be continued". You have too much enthusiasm for the cheap shot for the buck. Please consider our happiness. We don't like waiting a month to read more. These stories really belong in a magazine of lesser quality.

Mark Johnson
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

Dear Mark: It is our contention, as editors, have to wait a month as well—one artists, both here and in Europe, do their things eight pages a month, not this is. Ed.

Metal Men

More Mindless! Mechanoless-ness Makes Me Melancholy. Make Me Merciful Metal Men: More Mechnus!

John "J" Coleman
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Editors,

Your magazine is definitely one of the best. My biggest complaint is that it isn't long enough. I can read a whole issue in a couple of hours, and then I am forced to wait a whole month to get more.

I think Barbarella is great. Show her in all those girls (sic) who keep belonging to Dane in the female heroes in your mag. She certainly has more of a sense of humor than the days of

Laura Barrett
Anchorage, Alask

GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC

The Passing of the Airwhales

marks the solstice at Point Benton, the equatorial federal pressure station on the densely atmosphered planet known to Federation colonists as "Benton's Chowder" after eccentric explorer pioneer Seyr Benton of the Notron system.

The massive segmented "airwhales" swim through the dense atmosphere in herds of fifty or more, searching for algae clouds. The sound of their droning, audible for hundreds of kilometers, excites the algae to a luminous visibility, thereby hastening their demise.

Benton's severe climate tests the adaptability of its creatures greatly. While summers are balmy with temperatures near 30° C., the drop in winter is often low enough to freeze carbon dioxide out of the atmosphere.

In this, a typical summer scene, the damp ground is abloom with firepods, source of the algae and favored food of the shelled rope turtle or "roper." These animals are similar to mollusks and move about by grasping and pulling their ropelike appendages. Pressure Stand I, on the back left, was built at this location to facilitate study of the quiet "Blue Pond" in the foreground. Quiet and blue as it is, but a pond it is not, and Federation scientists are baffled by it. Samples have never been taken of this flat, blue thing whose wet surface either shrinks away from probes or ingests them. Any small metal object tossed onto its surface will lie there undisturbed for eight to ten minutes, and then sink below the surface only to reappear sometime later along the pond's perimeter. Organic objects are ingested in a similar manner, but do not reappear. If probed insistently or cut by sector lights, the pond will suddenly seep into the ground. In winter only a rocky depression marks the position of the pond. The roper closes his insulated shell against the cold, looking like nothing more than a common stone. The firepod dies as its body turns to powder in the dry ice storms of winter, only to live again when warm spring winds and rains wash the algae spores into the soil.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl B. Kofoed*

What [illegible] than a [illegible] A magazine [illegible] only [illegible] in concept. A magazine [illegible] a magazine [illegible] that [illegible] on [illegible] Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine [illegible]

Published by Twenty First Century Communications, the creators of National Lampoon, it began in March of '77 with a limited distribution. Within months, sales had tripled.

Heavy Metal has already gone far beyond any magazine of fantasy or science fiction in the quality of its art work, the daring of its stories, the number of copies sold.

We have quoted a fan who wrote to us: 'Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost.'

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HM-678

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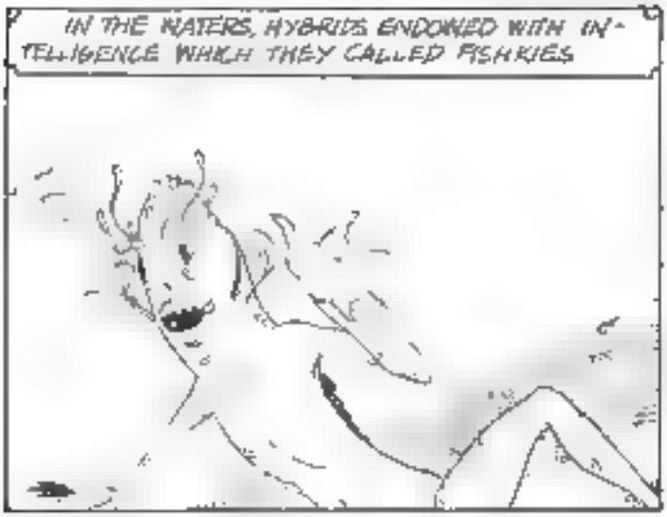
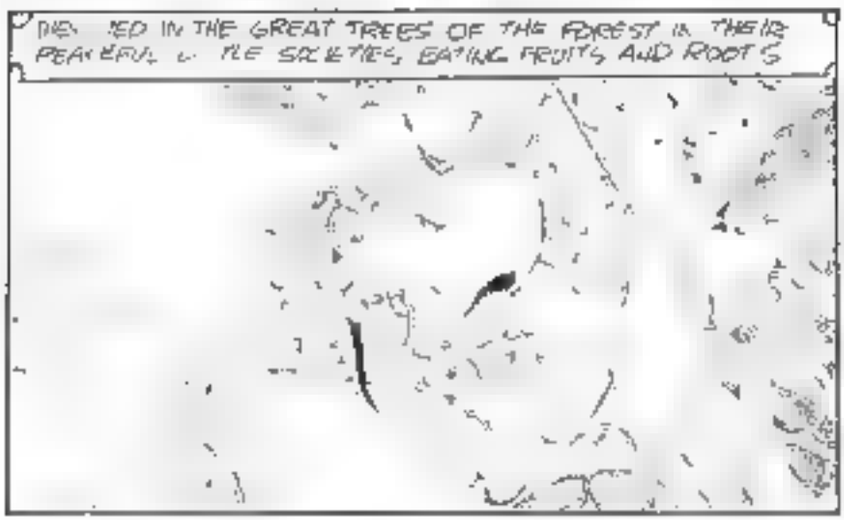
Thanks to
Presented by Denis Sieur
REPORT
V1
We now know more about the diabolical planet!!!
" IT WAS A COLD NIGHT THAT OUR FRIENDS ARRIVED ON MERCURY, HAPPY, BUT OBVIOUSLY EXHAUSTED BY THEIR LATEST ADVENTURE " (AS TOLD IN HEAVY METAL #11)

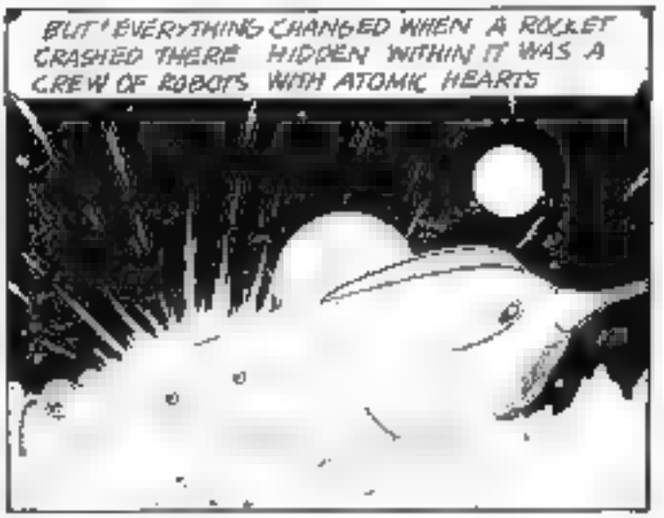
THE COLONEL PERSONALLY WELCOMED THEM
A PLEASURE TO GREET YOU, COLONEL LOVECORN!
VIOLETA, CAPTAIN, I DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE YOU SO SOON! WAS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT ON VENUS?
GOOD MORNING
A LITTLE LATER
IF YOU UNDERSTAND COLONEL? SHE CAN'T REMAIN IN THIS STATE! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT IT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!
ONE OF MY FRIENDS IS A SPECIALIST I'LL ASK HIM TO COME IMMEDIATELY FROM EARTH DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT
INSIDE THE BASE
NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK FROM THE DIABOLICAL PLANET, YOU MUST REPORT IN DETAIL EVERYTHING YOU LEARNED THERE
RIGHT NOW?
WE'RE READY, COLONEL I'LL LET VIOLET SPEAK
GOOD LOVECORN TO YOU FOR REPORT
YES HERE IN THIS ROOM! WE WILL RECORD EVERYTHING YOU SAY!

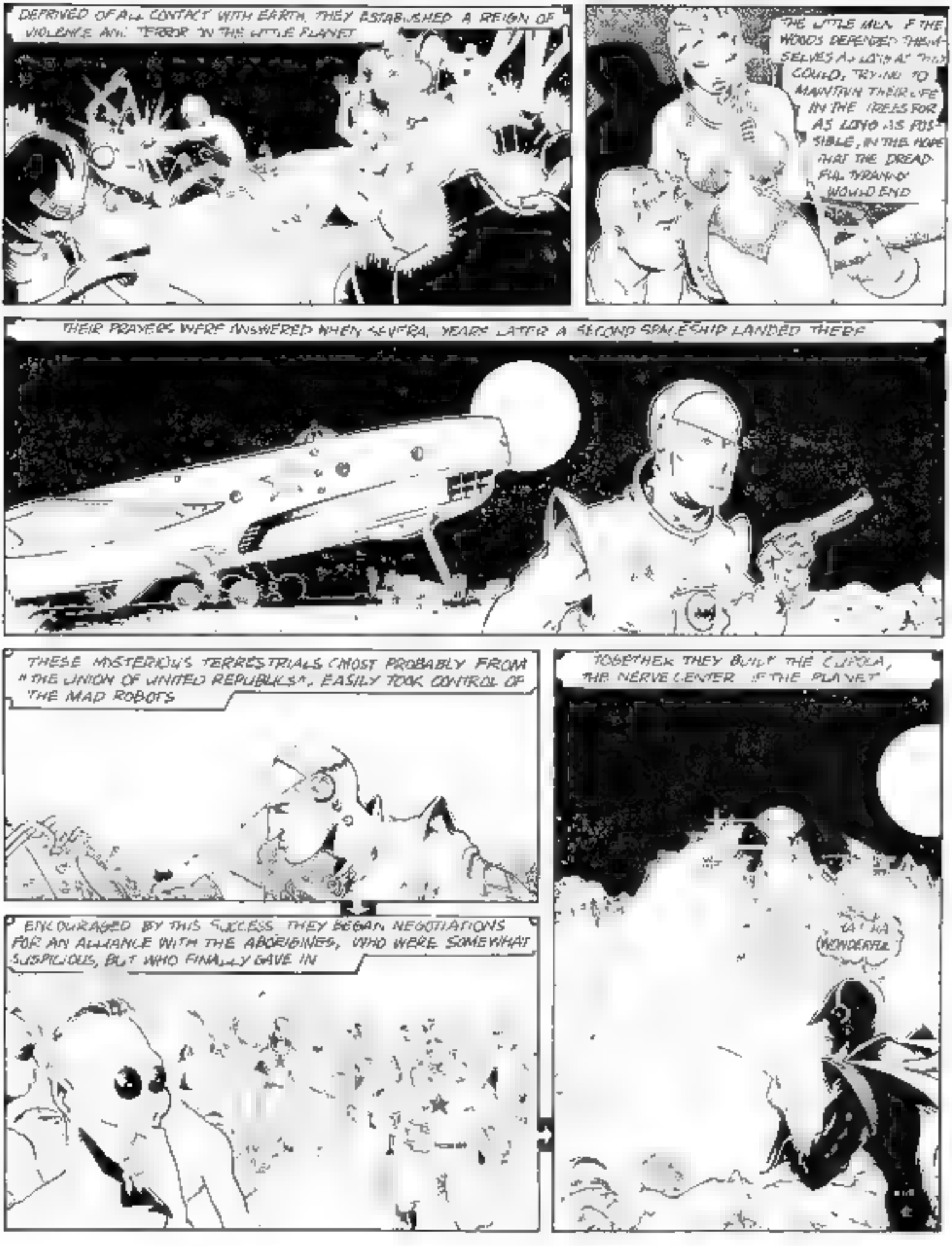
HELLO, IT'S ME SPEAKING I'LL TELL YOU FIRST ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF THIS VERY STRANGE PLANET IN THE BEGINNING, IT WAS JUST DEIMOS (A LITTLE SATELLITE OF MARS), BUT WHEN THE COMET KLENZER RUSHED BY, IT WAS CARRIED IN ITS SLIPSTREAM AS FAR AS MERCURY DURING IT'S COSMIC PERIPLUS, THE DIABOLICAL PLANET UNDERWENT AN ACCELERATED EVOLUTION SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT THAN OURS IT WAS THEN THAT THERE APPEARED
MARS


IN THE WATERS, HYBRIDS ENDOWED WITH IN-TELLIGENCE WHICH THEY CALLED FISHKIES

WHILE ON DRY WITH LEMUR VISION
AND THERE LIVED LITTLE MEN IAN EYES WHOSE NOCTURNAL WAS VERY WELL DEVELOPED


DWELLED IN THE GREAT TREES OF THE FOREST IN THEIR PEACEFUL LITTLE SOCIETIES, EATING FRUITS AND ROOTS


BUT EVERYTHING CHANGED WHEN A ROCKET CRASHED THERE HIDDEN WITHIN IT WAS A CREW OF ROBOTS WITH ATOMIC HEARTS


DEPRIVED OF ALL CONTACT WITH EARTH, THEY ESTABLISHED A REIGN OF VIOLENCE AND TERROR IN THE LITTLE PLANET
THE LITTLE MEN OF THE WOODS DEFENDED THEMSELVES AS LONG AS THEY COULD, TRYING TO MAINTAIN THEIR LIFE IN THE TREES FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, IN THE HOPE THAT THE DREADFUL TYRANNY WOULD END
THEIR PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED WHEN SEVERAL YEARS LATER A SECOND SPACESHIP LANDED THERE
THESE MYSTERIOUS TERRESTRIALS (MOST PROBABLY FROM "THE UNION OF UNITED REPUBLICS"), EASILY TOOK CONTROL OF THE MAD ROBOTS
ENCOURAGED BY THIS SUCCESS, THEY BEGAN NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ALLIANCE WITH THE ABORIGINES, WHO WERE SOMEWHAT SUSPICIOUS, BUT WHO FINALLY GAVE IN
TOGETHER THEY BUILT THE CUPOLA, THE NERVE CENTER OF THE PLANET
TATIA (WONDERFUL)

AND ONCE THE CITY WAS COMPLETE THE CHIEF OF THE TERRES TRIAL CREW WAS NAMED COMMANDER OF THE WHOLE PLANET !!
THEN THEY DISCOVERED THAT ANY SPACE-SHIPS FLYING CLOSE BY
WOULD CRASH ON THE PLANET AND LOSE RADIO CONTACT WITH EARTH !
SO THEY WOULD RANSACK THE WRECKS AND ENLIST THE CREWS. BUT THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR THEM BECAUSE TOO MANY ROCKETS COULD ESCAPE TO REMEDY THAT SITUATION, THE COMMANDER CREATED THE ASSI® MADE UP OF 9X FIGHTER PLANES, THREE OF THEM ON PERMANENT DRILL
SO NOW THE INTERFERENCE ZONE OF THE PIA BOLICAL PLANET INTERCEPTED LOST SPACESHIPS BY ANY MEANS IT COULD VERY FEW, NOT AWAY !!

I'M JUST INTERRUPTING VIOLET FOR A MOMENT TO TELL YOU IF I ESCAPED THE ASSI, IT WAS THANKS TO THE LIGHT WEIGHT AND PHENOMENAL SPEED OF MY ROCKET NOT TO MENTION THE VASTNESS OF SPACE
DAMN.
WELL, UHH. THE FEW WHO OPPOSED THE COMMANDER'S REIGN WERE ARRESTED AND LOCKED UP IN JAIL
WHERE THEY WERE EVENTUALLY COMMITTED TO THE CARE OF IVANOVITCH STAL THE SICKEST MIND ON THE PLANET
VOLETA
OOOH! I'VE NEVER TALKED AS MUCH AS I DID TONIGHT
COLONEL MAY I ASK YOU TO PUT THE WHOLE AQUA ROOM AT VIOLET'S DISPOSAL?
2 MPH!
HE WAS THE ONE WHO INVENTED THE GUN WITH THE LIGHT RAYS WHICH WAS VERY MUCH APPRECIATED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE SECRET POLICE AN ARMY MAY SEEM UNIMPORTANT NOW, BUT WHICH IN FACT CONSTITUTES A REAL THREAT TO THE FUTURE OF THE WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM!!! IT IS WITH THIS WARNING THAT I END REPORT N.1

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN, YOU WILL AWAIT ORDERS FROM EARTH, WHICH WILL BE TRANSMITTED TO US AFTER THEY HAVE STUDIED REPORT V.I.' OVER'
MMM WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO DO NOTHING NOW
THEN IN THE AQUA ROOM.
OH, MORRIS, WHAT A NICE POOL. I LIKE IT A LOT!
YOU KNOW I THINK I'D LIKE TO TAKE A NICE SWIM WITH MY LITTLE DOLPHIN
THAT REPORT V.I. GAVE ME A REAL HEADACHE. PLEASE DON'T INSIST NOW, DARLING GOOD NIGHT
WHA'? WHATEVER YOU LIKE VIOLET 'TIL TOMORROW!
DISAPPEARING BENEATH THE BLUE WATERS, VIOLETTA REMOVES HER BREATHING ARMOR AND THEN HER BATHING SUIT..
GLUB GLUB IT IS TIME I DECOMPRESSED A LITTLE
FIN

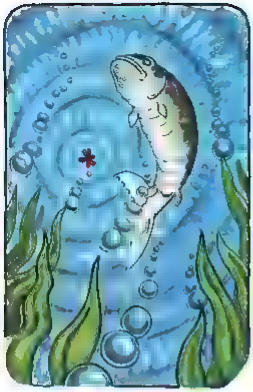
AIEEEEEGG
P-TAW... DAMN!! DIS CITY-DWELLER IS WEAK! HE JUST PASSED OUT AGAIN!
LETS MOVE OUT. WE GONNA HAVE TO FIND HIS CAMP OURSELES...
..HOOPS! FORGOT SUMPTIN (HEE).
STOMP!
THATS REALLY THE FUN PART (CHUCKLE)...
E 54TH ST
MADISON
TOW AWAY

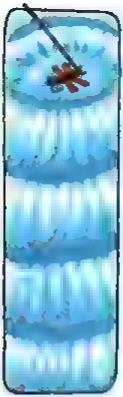
...ONE BEING, PERHAPS, 200 YEARS SINCE THE HUMAN RACE REACHED THE MOST CRITICAL POINT IN ITS EVOLUTION AND WAS FORCED TO PROVE ITSELF A SUCCESSFUL PATTERN FOR SURVIVAL... MANKIND CHOSE IN THOSE LAST CRUCIAL MOMENTS OF JUDGEMENT, TO PUSH THE BUTTONS ON ITS EXECUTION MACHINES. CIVILIZATIONS AND TECHNOLOGIES THAT HAD TAKEN CENTURIES TO DEVELOP ERUPTED INTO NUCLEAR FIREBALLS THAT LEFT LIKE SHOULDER-RING AFTERBIRTH, HORDES OF NOMADIC SCAVENGERS AND HUGE SAVAGE TRIBES CLINGING TENACIOUSLY TO THEIR CRUMBLING CONCRETE CITIES...

...EVOLUTION IS A MYSTERIOUS THING...A SILENT IN SABLE FORCE THAT PERVADES AND MOTIVATES US ALL. WHAT IS ITS PURPOSE? WHAT DOES IT SEEK AS IT RELENTLESSLY PUSHES EACH SPECIES TO THE LIMIT OF ITS ABILITIES?? ...AND WITH DEATH THE AWARD FOR FAILURE??

...AMIDST THE BRUTISH TRIBAL WARS THAT SLOWLY COMPLETED THE EXTINCTION OF THE HUMAN RACE A NEW INTELLIGENT SPECIES FLOURISHED AND BEGAN QUICKLY STRUGGLING FOR A CHANCE TO SURVIVE FOR A CHANCE TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN

EVOLUTION

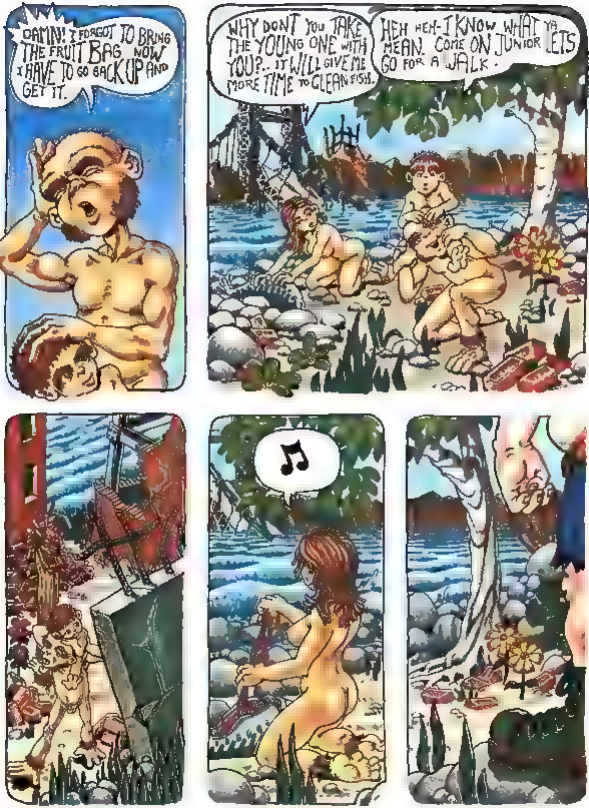




SNAP!

HEY-HEY THERES A WHOPPER ON THE LINE...
COME QUICK!

SPLASH!
WWHHHHIZZZZZZZZZ
GRAB!
SPLUNCH!
OOOH... WHAT A BEAUTY... WE WILL EAT WELL FOR DAYS.
SPLASH
SSHHHHK


DAMN! I FORGOT TO BRING THE FRUIT BAG NOW I HAVE TO GO BACK UP AND GET IT.
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE YOUNG ONE WITH YOU?.. IT WILL GIVE ME MORE TIME TO CLEAN FISH.
HEH HEH- I KNOW WHAT YA MEAN. COME ON JUNIOR LETS GO FOR A WALK.

EEEEEEEEEEE
YAY!
...MA-MA?
HOT DAMN! A EXTRA CREAM!
YAH! AIN'T HAD ANY IN WEEKS!
OOOEEE!... LOOKA DAT! THE MONKEY'S GOT TITS!
HEH-HEH (DROOL)...

HEY!...ME FOURTH!

LOOK OUT!

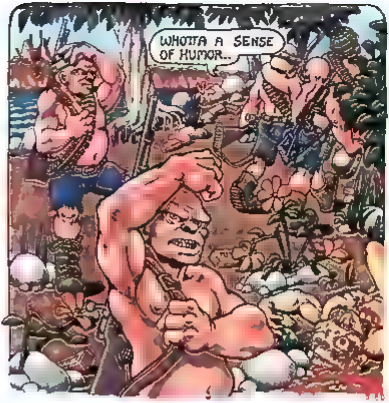
YAAUGH!

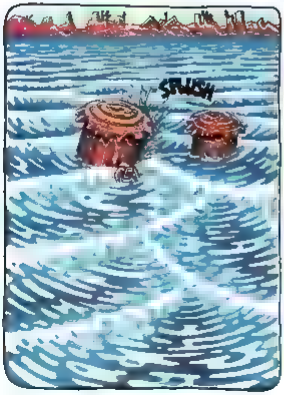
GAK
WHIZZ
WUK

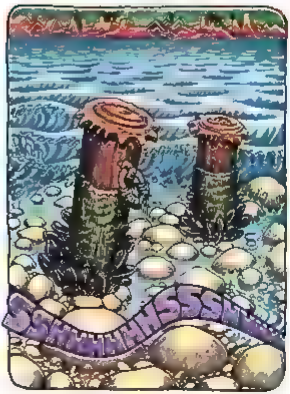
GET DAT DAMN MONKEY!
WHOP!

BASH! BASH! BASH
ARARGOG.
THUD.
ARRRGG!
WHAP!
CLICK
BOOM
●✱!!☺✱$✗ FOKIN' PISSASS ✱6!$☺MONKY !6$☺SUMBITCH!
STOMP STOMP STOMP
NO! NO KILL THA FEMALE (CHUCKLE) SOMETIME WE USE HER AGAIN JA?

HAW!... DATS GOOD. USE HER AGAIN... NEXT TIME (HEE HEE)... I LIKE DAT!


WHOTTA A SENSE OF HUMOR...

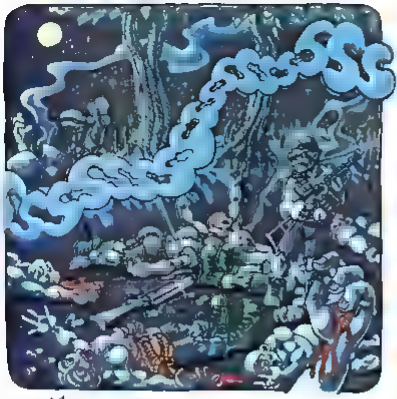

SPLISH

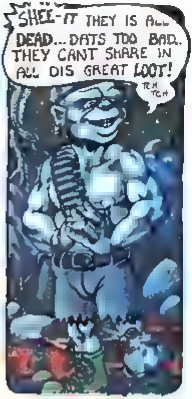

SSHHHHHSSSSH...

MA MA?
EEEEOOOO
CRUNCH!

THERE'S A SMALL CAMP.. MAYBE A DOZ.. WE CAN TAKE EM IF WE HIT HARD!
WASN'T ME.. SPACED OUT
...READY?
YAAAAAA!

POOM
POOM
GURSH
THUNK!
BLAM
BLAM
BOOM!
BOOM!
THUD
DUDDA-DUT-DUT-DUT-DA-DUDDA-DUT-DA




SHEE-IT THEY IS ALL DEAD... DATS TOO BAD. THEY CANT SHARE IN ALL DIS GREAT LOOT!
TEE HEE

OOOEE!? A REMCHESTER 32! THESE BRING BIG BUCKS AT TRADERS

WHAT A GREAT DAY!

I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO LIVE OFF DIS STUFF FOR MONTHS!.

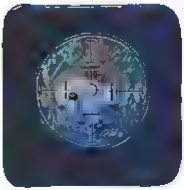
WHISKEY AN WIMMENS MMMMM. ZZZZZ

ZZZZZ
CRUNCH!
THE MONKEY!
CLICK!
KLONK

?

WELL DAMN! I HAS LUCKED OUT!

TUM-DE-DUM



KUNK!
LOOKY HERE! A PACK RAT.. WITH LOADS OF STOLEN GOODIES!
CG
THE ENDS
NICE CUTTIN'. HARDLY ANY BLOOD.
YAH!. COMES WITH PRACTICE.. S'MORE ANTS?
BIS BULL

BEYOND THE BLACK PANTHER!
BEYOND KILLRAVEN!

HE'S A MAVERICK--
IN AN AGE WHEN
THEY KILL MAVERICKS...
WHOLESALE!

Sabre...

HE'S FIGHTING YOUR FIGHT--
AGAINST THE DEATH OF
INDIVIDUALITY!

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ROMANCE AND PASSION!

THE KIND OF DISPLAYS FROWNED UPON IN OUR STRUCTURED SOCIETY IT'S ALL HERE, WITH A WRAPAROUND COVER PAINTING BY GULACY.

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SABRE

IT'S THE KIND OF COMIC NOVEL YOU'D CHOOSE... IF THEY GAVE YOU A CHOICE!

TO HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE
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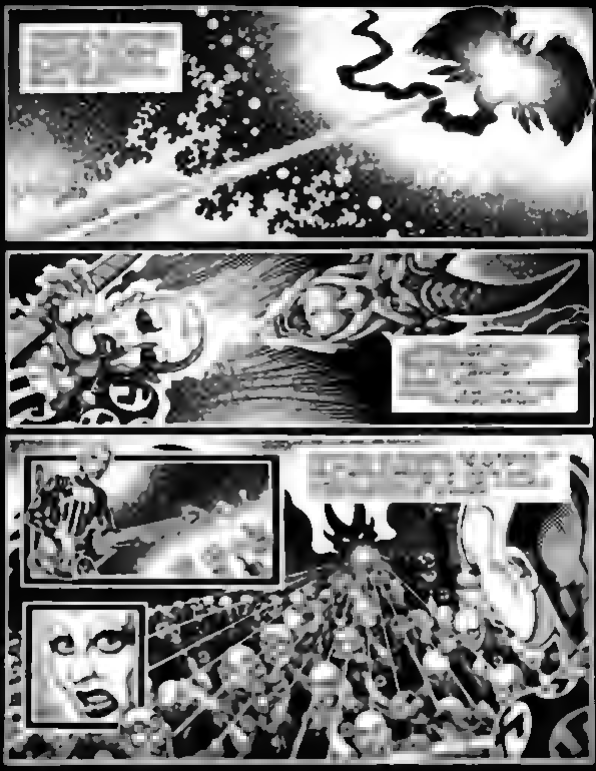
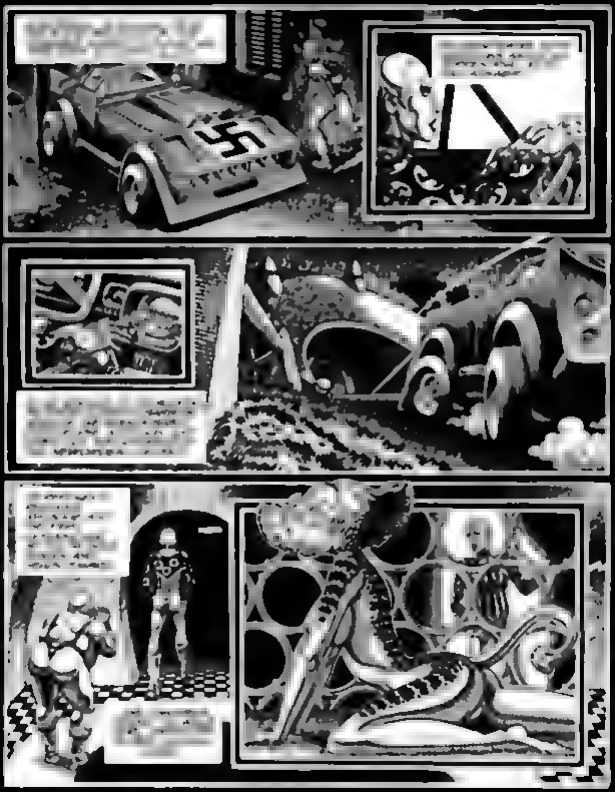
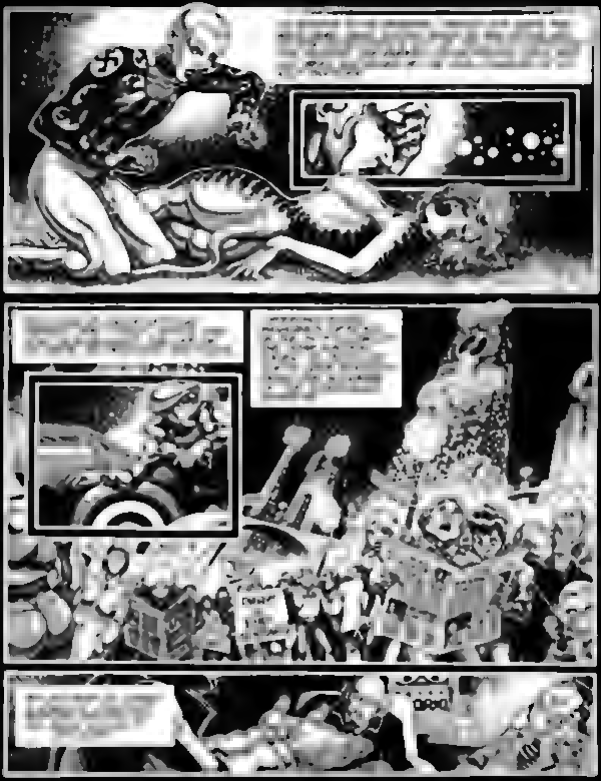
HELLMAN







SUICIDE ROCK!

BARBARELLA

MEANWHILE THE PLANET WILLIAM V ADVANCES TO NEW MOON AND CELEBRATES IN ADVANCE TS VICTORY OVER TS ADVERSARIES
WELL WHAT DO YOU MEAN COMRADE LOLA SMITH?
I'M TROUBLED COMRADE TROUBLED I HAVE AN DOUB

F YOUR NEUROMERS SPEAK THE TRUTH SPOONLOVE, AND THE IMAGES WHICH APPEAR ON THIS SCREEN ARE NOT FAKE THEN OUR FRIEND BROWNING WELL S MASTERPIECE MAY VERY WELL SEEM RATHER SIMPLE AND CRUDE TO THE JURY'S EYES

YOU SUMMONED ME COMRADES? HAS THE COUNSEL OF THE GREAT DESIGNER FIXED THE DATE YET FOR THE MASTER PIECE COMPETITION S
NOT YET AND THE LAYER F DOES THE BETTER

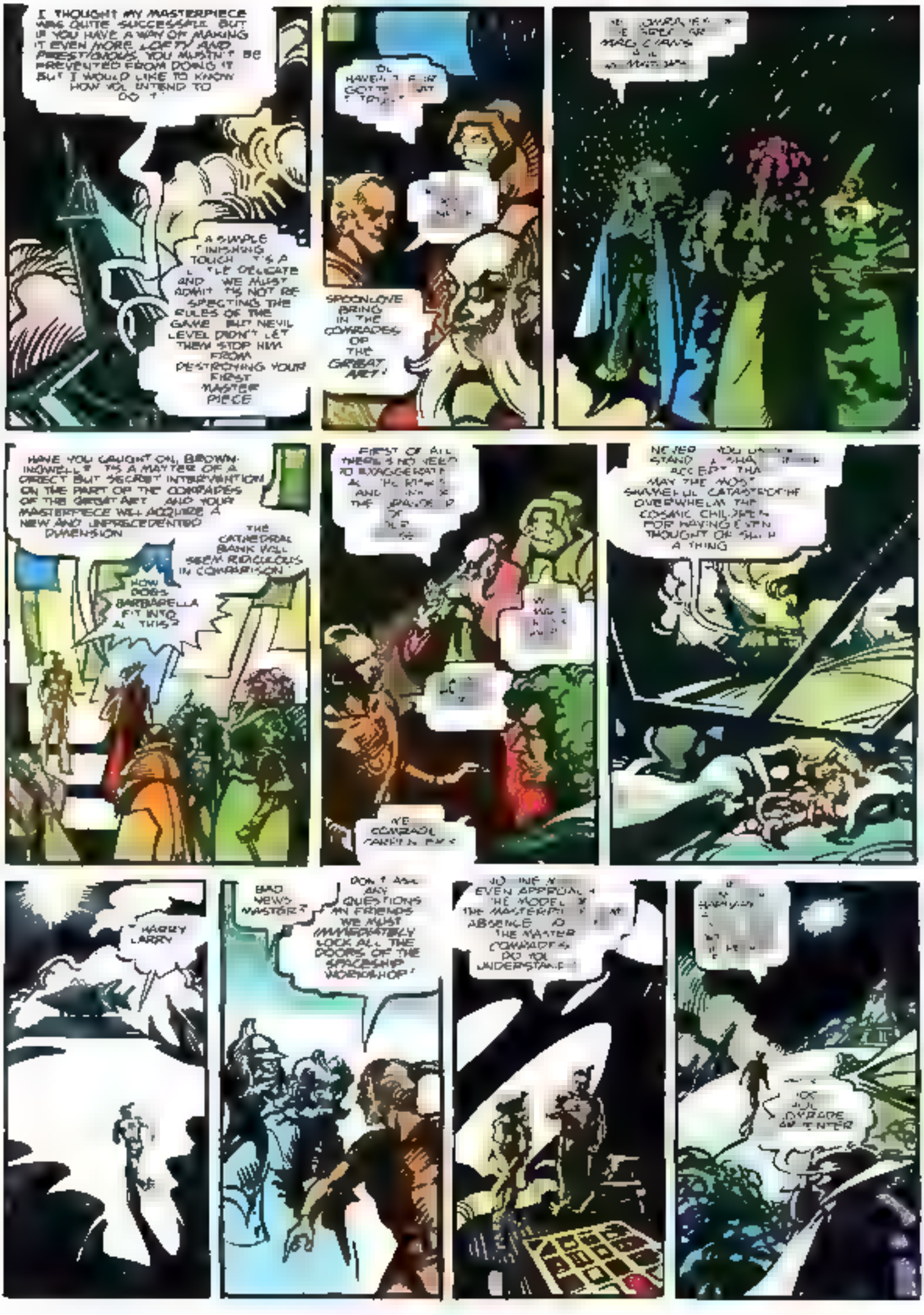
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. MY MASTERPIECE IS FINISHED NOW ALL THE TELESCOPES IN THIS UNI VERSE WILL BE TRAINED ON BARBARELLA . I MEAN ON "SCIENCE LIGHTING THE WORLD"
ALL TELE SCOPES TRAIN ON SOMETHING

THEY'RE MEANT TO DO THAT LIKE WAVES ARE MEANT TO CARRY NEWS FROM ONE WORLD TO THE NEXT NEWS BOTH GOOD AND BAD
AND WHAT NEWS HAVE THE WAVES BROUGHT YOU NOW ?

NEVIL LEVEL HAS FINISHED HIS MASTERPIECE AND HIS CATHEDRAL BANK MINTS MONEY
WHA DOES HE MEAN ?

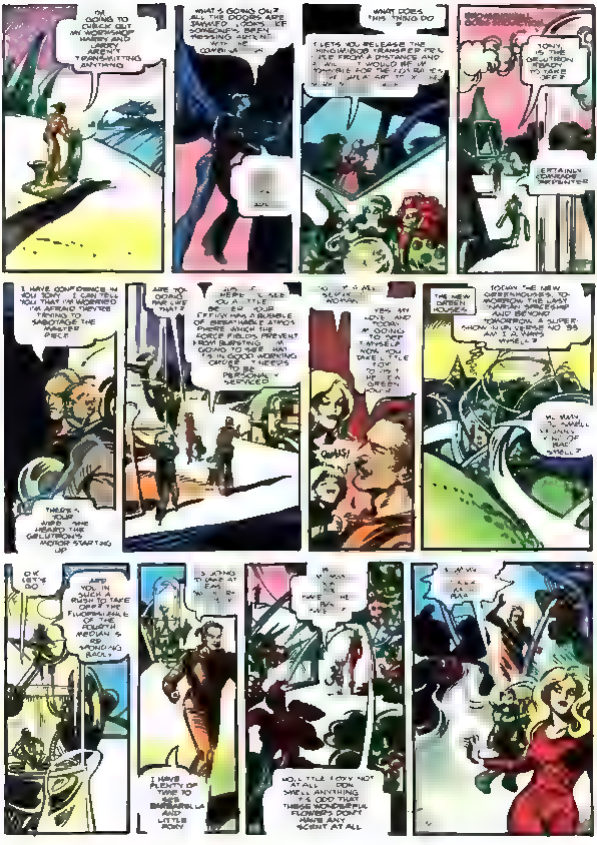
T MEANS BROWNINGWELL THAT THE SCIENTISTS AND AL CHEMISTS WHO ARE HE PING YOUR ADVERSARY HAVE MAN AGED TO SOLATE A NEW AND PRECIOUS METAL AND TO PRODUCE IT IN INFINITE QUANTITY
SYN MAKE THE GOLD ?
YES SYN THEY'VE GOLD IF HIS NEW CORSET THE COUNSEL OF THE GREAT DESIGNER WILL RECOGNIZE THE SUPERIORITY OF THE OCTAHEDRAL BANK OVER YOUR MASTER PIECE AND AND ALL THE SYSTEM'S MONEY WILL BE RE-COINED! AND WE, POOR COSMIC CHILDREN THAT WE ARE WILL

I SEE I SEE AND HOW CAN WE AVOID THIS CATASTROPHE ?
BY GIVING YOUR ALREADY FINE MASTERPIECE A LOFTY AND PRESTIGIOUS QUALITY SOMETHING UNPRECEDENTED SOMETHING THAT WILL CRUSH ALL THE PRETENTIONS OF OUR ADVERSARIES!


I THOUGHT MY MASTERPIECE WAS QUITE SUCCESSFUL BUT IF YOU HAVE A WAY OF MAKING IT EVEN MORE LOFTY AND PRESTIGIOUS YOU MUSTN'T BE PREVENTED FROM DOING IT BUT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU INTEND TO DO IT
A SIMPLE FINISHING TOUCH IT'S A LITTLE DELICATE AND WE MUST ADMIT IT'S NOT RE SPECTING THE RULES OF THE GAME BUT NEVIL LEVEL DIDN'T LET THEM STOP HIM FROM DESTROYING YOUR FIRST MASTER PIECE
SPOONLOVE BRING IN THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART!
HAVE YOU CAUGHT ON, BROWN-INOWELL? 'TIS A MATTER OF A DIRECT BUT SECRET INTERVENTION ON THE PART OF THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART AND YOUR MASTERPIECE WILL ACQUIRE A NEW AND UNPRECEDENTED DIMENSION
THE CATHEDRAL BANK WILL SEEM RIDICULOUS IN COMPARISON
HOW DOES BARBARELLA FIT INTO ALL THIS?
FIRST OF ALL THERE'S NO NEED TO EXAGGERATE
YE COMRADE
NEVER YOU STAND ACCEPT THA MAY THE MOST SHAMEFUL CATASTROPHE OVERWHELM THE COSMIC CHILDREN FOR HAVING EVEN THOUGHT OF A THING
HAPPY LARRY
BAD NEWS MASTER?
DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS MY FRIENDS WE MUST IMMEDIATELY LOCK ALL THE DOORS OF THE SPACESHIP WORKSHOP!
IN THE EVEN APPROAL THE MODEL THE MASTERPI ABSENCE O THE MASTER COMRADES DO YOU UNDERSTA
OK JUL UPGRADE ENTER

COMRADE - CHEMIST. MY FRIEND.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I MUST TALK TO YOU! BE ON YOUR GUARD SPOONLOVE HAS BECOME VERY IMPORTANT IN THE COUNSEL. I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHY AND ARE WORKSHY LIKE YOU
NEXT DAY.
YOUR FATHER HAS PROBLEMS, LITTLE FOXY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF PROBLEMS BUT THEY KEPT HIM UP ALL NIGHT
BARBARELLA..
BARBARELLA, YOU KNOW SPOONLOVE THE MASTER-SILVERSMITH. I'VE HEARD YOU DIDN'T FIND HIS MANNER SHALL I SAY: DISPLEASING BEFORE LITTLE FOXY WAS BORN? WAS THERE SOMETHING BETWEEN YOU TWO OTHER THAN MORE THAN CONVERSATION?
YES. ONCE JUST ONCE YOU HAD CHASED ME OUT OF YOUR WORKSHOP AND I WAS
SSSSS
CAN I SAY SOMETHING?
GIVE UP THE LOBA COMRADES. BROWNINGWELL WILL NEVER CONSENT TO
AS AN OC WITHOUT HIS CONSENT
I MEAN THAT THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART CAN GO AHEAD BUT HE KNOWS BEST
WAIT. WHAT WOULD BE A TERRIBLE THING TO DO
TERRIBLE. MAYBE, BUT THE STAKES ARE ENORMOUS IF THE COSMIC CHILDREN WIN THE COMPETITION, THE CHILDREN OF THE UNIVERSE WILL JUST HAVE TO DISAPPEAR
ISN'T THAT EXAGGERATING A LITTLE?
TIME IS PASSING THE SUPREME COUNSEL OF THE GREAT DESIGNER HAS FIXED THE DATE FOR THE MASTERPIECE COMPETITION. ONLY EIGHT SYSTEM HOURS ARE LEFT TO US. THAT'S NOT MUCH
YES. BUT. ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT MEANING WELL. NOW ARE WE GOING TO DO IT?
HAVE A SUGGESTION
YOU'RE NOT ASLEEP HARRY?
NO HARRY WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES I SEE THOSE OF THE MASTER BUILDER SHINING WITH GOOD AND MYSTERY
SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING ON BROWNINGWELL HAS SAID NOTHING ABOUT IT BUT HE IS AS PALE AS THE LIGHT OF THE NEW MOON IN THE SKY OF WILLIAM IV
PARDON ME COMRADE COSMONAUT BUT THAT BARBARELLA UP THERE IS MORE THAN A PALE MOON. SHE SHINES LIKE A STAR TO ME
NAHHAH IS THAT A SWEET START? IS THAT THE SWEET SCENT OF OUR COMRADE-CARPENTER?

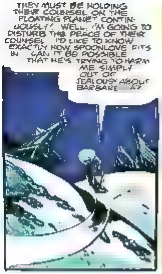
BY THE SACRED ANOMALY OF SATURN, WHAT'S WITH THOSE WEIRD BIRDS?
BROWNINGWELL MADE US PROMISE TO LET NO ONE PASS
HEY GET AWAY YOU NASTY BIRDS GO AY YOUR EGGS SOME WHERE ELSE
HOW ARE WE GOING TO GE THE WORKSHOP DOOR OPEN? BROWNINGWELL ALWAYS USES A SECRET COMBINATION
THERE ARE NO SECRETS FROM THE CLAIRVOYANT COMPUTING COMRADES
YOU O K DADDY?
WHY DO YOU ASK LITTLE FOXY?
BECAUSE YOUR EYES DON'T LOOK LIKE IT'S HAPPENED THEM
HE'S RIGHT BROWNINGWELL SOMETHING'S WRONG AND NOT JUST BECAUSE OF THAT IDIOT SPOONMOVE
MEANWHILE AT THE SPACE SHIP WORKSHOP
I DON'T DOUBT THAT BROWNINGWELL TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF DISCONNECTING THE WHOLE TRANSFER SYSTEM... BUT IT WON'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO GET IT FUNCTIONING AGAIN AND SET UP A DERIVATION!
LET'S BE SERIOUS THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART CAN'T WORK IN WASTEFUL VOID WITH THE USE OF THE THINGAMABOB TRANSFER PRINCIPLE THEY CAN EXERCISE THEIR FANTASTIC POWER WITH EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTIVENESS
BROWNINGWELL WILL FIND OUT WE'VE VISITED HIS WORKSHOP
HE WOULD REACT SO IT WOULD BE BETTER TO STOP HIM FROM
BARBAREL AREN'T YOU EATING ANYTHING?
NO I'M NOT HUNGRY AND THIS BIRDSHELL SOUP HAS TASTE LESS
NO MUMMY'S WRONG I WANNA SAY SOMETHING
GO ON
THE BIRDYSHELL TASTES LIKE PARBOOLY AND BOUZZ!
WHAT'S A PARBOOLY AND BOUZZ?
THERE ARE ANIMALS ON MY PLANET
AND WHAT'S YOUR PLANET?
MY PLANET'S NAME
ANYWAY LATER SORRY BL TODAY THE BIRDSHELL HE BIRDY SHELL THE PARBOOLY AND THE BOUZZ DON'T TASTE OF ANY THING TO ME
PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIM JUST EAT YOUR NOT ACTING ANYTHING IS JUST IN YOUR HEAD!
YEAH IT'S HER PLANET THAT IS SUCKS

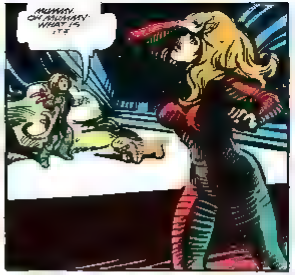


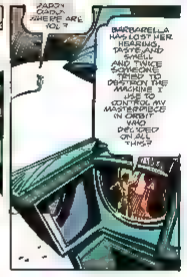
I'M GOING TO CHECK OUT MY WORKSHOP HARRY AND LARRY AREN'T TRANSMITTING ANYTHING
WHAT'S GOING ON? ALL THE DOORS ARE JAMMED LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEEN MESSING AROUND WITH THE CONTROLS
WHAT DOES THIS THING DO?
IT LETS YOU RELEASE THE THINGUMBOB TRANSFER PRE... FROM A DISTANCE AND ... IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE ... [illegible]
TONY, IS THE GELUTRON READY TO TAKE OFF?
CERTAINLY COMRADE CARPENTER
I HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOU TONY I CAN TELL YOU THAT I'M WORRIED I'M AFRAID THEY'RE TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE MASTERPIECE
ARE YOU GOING FAR LIKE THAT?
... HERE ... SEE YOU A LITTLE BETTER YOUR EFFIGY HAS A BUBBLE OF BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE WHICH THE FORCE FIELDS PREVENT FROM BURSTING I'M GOING TO SEE THAT IT'S IN GOOD WORKING ORDER IT NEEDS TO BE PERSONALLY SERVICED
... SEXY WOMAN
YES MY LOVE AND TODAY I'M GOING TO SEE MYSELF NOW YOU TAKE LITTLE TONY TO VISIT THE ... A GREEN HOUSE
QUAS!
THE NEW GREEN HOUSES
TODAY THE NEW GREENHOUSES, TOMORROW THE LAST MARTIAN SPACESHIP AND BEYOND TOMORROW A SUPER-SHOW IN UNIVERSE NO 33 AM I ALWAYS MYSELF?
MUMMY DO YOU SMELL ... KIND OF BAD SMELL?
THERE'S YOUR WIFE SHE HEARD THE GELUTRON'S MOTOR STARTING UP
OK LET'S GO
ARE YOU IN SUCH A RUSH TO TAKE OFF? THE FLUORESCENCE OF THE FOURTH MEDIAN IS ... MOVING BACK
... IS GOING TO TAKE AT ...
I HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SEE BARBARELLA AND LITTLE TONY
NO, LITTLE TONY NOT AT ALL I DON'T SMELL ANYTHING IT'S ODD THAT THESE WONDERFUL FLOWERS DON'T HAVE ANY SCENT AT ALL

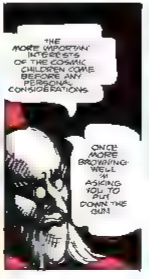
JUST IN TIME DIDN'T YOU SMELL ANYTHING?
THA PLANET MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM HIS CAGE WHAT A PUTRID SCENT. ITS SMELL IS BOTH INFECTIOUS AND TOXIC
FORGIVE ME, BROWN. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS. SINCE YESTERDAY I HAVEN'T TASTED ANYTHING I ATE AND NOW I HAVEN'T ANY MORE SENSE OF SMELL
I'LL CALL A DOCTOR OR OUR COMRADE-CHEMIST. YOU GO GET SOME REST AND DON'T BE NERVOUS. I'LL WATCH LITTLE FOXY
WHATEVER YOU WANT.
WHEN EVER YOU'RE READY, COMRADE CARPENTER
WHAT WAS I ?
SOME ONE MUST HAVE GOTTEN TO THE GELUTRON. AND THAT SOMEONE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF PRACTICAL JOKER
YOU MEAN SOME ONE TRIED TO SABOTAGE THE MACHINE ?
I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER COMRADE
DADDY. I WANNA TELL YOU SOMETIN...
WHAT'S THAT?
BY THE GALAXIES
THAT THING SQUIRTS AN ACID BATH, AND NOTHING COULD BE MORE DAMAGING TO A GELUTRON. OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LEAVE THE STRATOSPHERE IN LESS THAN TWENTY SECONDS
TOO LATE WE'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT OF THIS THING HURRY FOX! GET IN THE CAPSULE WITH US I'M GOING TO EJECT US NOW
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO DID US THIS LITTLE FAVOR!

DADDY LOOK AT THE GELLITRON!! GOIN' CRASH ON THE HOUSE!
BARBARELLA!
DADDY DADDY MUMMY DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING
ALL THE WAYS TO PARALYZE HER INCLUDING AN ATTEMPT AT MURDER
SO BARBARELLA HAS LOST HER SMELL AND TASTE AND SHE HEARD NOTHING WHEN THE HOUSE BLEW UP THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!
THEY'VE SEALED THE DOOR'S OF MY WORKSHOP I WANT TO KNOW WHY
F. M. GOING TO GET THEM OPEN. I CAN'T BE CAREFUL ABOUT THE MEANS I USE
HARRY! LARRY! OH HOW SAD!
CURSES. THEY DIDN'T EVEN HESITATE AT MASSACRING MY FRIENDS. THEY LAY THE BLAME ON BARBARELLA AND WHAT THINGS... THEY'LL BE SACRIFICING THE CHILD
WELL WE BEGINN[illegible] AN ANSWER









THEY MUST BE HOLDING THEIR COUNSEL ON THE FLOATING PLANET CONTINUOUSLY! WELL, I'M GOING TO DISTURB THE PEACE OF THEIR COUNSEL. I'D LIKE TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW SPOONLOVE FITS IN. CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT HE'S TRYING TO HARM ME SIMPLY OUT OF JEALOUSY ABOUT BARBARELLA?
MEANWHILE, LITTLE FOXY WAKES UP IN THE HOUSE DAMAGED BY THE FALLING GELUTRON.
MUMMY, DADDY, WHERE ARE YOU
MUMMY, OH MUMMY, WHAT IS IT?
DADDY! DADDY, WHERE ARE YOU! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MUMMY!
BROWNING-WELL, THE COUNSEL DID NOT SUMMON YOU! YOU ARE DISTURBING OUR MEETING
I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR SUMMONS NOW, COMRADES
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
NOW, I'M THE ONE ASKING QUESTIONS
WE WILL ANSWER YOU, COMRADE CARPENTER... BUT NOT BEFORE YOU PUT DOWN THAT GUN! THIS ISN'T A SPACE OPERA
DADDY, DADDY, WHERE ARE YOU?
BARBARELLA HAS LOST HER HEARING, TASTE AND SMELL AND TWICE SOMEONE TRIED TO DESTROY THE MACHINE I USE TO CONTROL MY MASTERPIECE IN ORBIT. WHO DECIDED ON ALL THIS?
I AM NOT AWARE OF ANYONE TRYING TO PREVENT YOU FROM CONTROLLING THE MASTERPIECE IN SPACE. WE'LL INQUIRE INTO THAT. AS FOR BARBARELLA, WE'VE "BORROWED" HER FOR THE TIME BEING. WE ALL MADE THE DECISION TO DO SO TOGETHER
NO! I OBJECTED COMPLETELY!
THE MORE IMPORTANT INTERESTS OF THE COSMIC CHILDREN COME BEFORE ANY PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS
ONCE MORE, BROWNING-WELL, I'M ASKING YOU TO PUT DOWN THE GUN
OH DADDY, WHERE ARE YOU? ARE YOU IN THE WORKSHOP?
I WILL NOT PUT DOWN THE GUN UNTIL I LEARN EXACTLY WHAT TRICKERY THE MASTERS OF THE GREAT ART ARE UP TO

TO BE CONTINUED

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CHEEZ! ZDARDIN
A ROAHE!
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RODJIN
PLAYZ!
GEDDIN
O WDA
HEER
AN INA
HURY!
SHIIID!
EYEM
SKIDDIN!
CRASH

THINGEEZ DED?
GEZ ZO
ALLIZ DRIVIN TO FAZ'
POOR GUY
ZUMBUDY BEDDER GOKAWLUH MERGENZY PARDMEND
KAWLUH BLEEZ
ZUMBUDY DUNID AWREDY
HEERZA DRUK NOW' THA WUZ FAZ'
WUDUHTHEY GUNNA DO? TAYGUM WAY?
HEERZUH BLEEZ NOW
GUYZ FRUM BELEPAV AR HEER AWREDY LUGS LYG THEY CHAYZ AVDER AGZIDENDZ. BLUNCKA VULDJURZ'
LUGZ LYG WEEGUN TAYGUM INIZ GARZ KAPN
BLEEZ DED?
YUP

PUZZEN NAV ENY BAYBERZ ONIM. NO EYE DEE, NO LIZENZ JUZA KUBBLA BUGS
AWW WEERD YOOGIN TAYGIM WAY AWRIDE, BUD I GODDA LUG INDO ID
POND TUTCHIM OR NUTHIN FER A KUPPLA DAZE, AN IF NUTHIN KABBENZ AN NOBUDY KLAYMZ IM, KEEZ YERZ
O.K.?
O.K.!
LEZ GO! HEEV!
THINGWE DUN RIDE LODINIM ON ?
KORZ WYDJU AZG?
WEL THAD BID ABOWD BABERS AN AWL WWE KAND FINDOWD KOOKEEIZ MAYGZ BROBLEMZ FER EMBOMERZ
WUD BROBLEMZ? YOO SEENIM NO SWEED JUK ABOWD HZ RAYZ THIZ GUNZ A KAYZ FERE MBOMIN FER SHUR!

NE-105-2050A-7005 (73)-346

BELSPAV

MORTUARY COMPARTMENT CARD

COMPARTMENT 30

Name UnKNown White male

Age 25 Color White Date of Death 11/28/

Received from Police Date Received 11/28

Place of Death 250 highway

...AND...
SCREAMING PEOPLE FLY SO FAST IN THEIR SHINY METAL CARS...
THROUGH THE WOOD OF STEEL AND GLASS...
HEER-WEYAR/ WEEL FYN WUTCHA LUGIN FER...
AZYOOKIN SEE WEGIVUH ZAYM KAYR TOUH GARZ AZWE DOUH OGGU-BANDZ...
?
!
KRYS!
WUDZ THIZ GUY UBDAY
UHH...SKYOOZ MEE, MIZDER... GODA LEEVU LONE AMNID... GODA MAYGUH FONE KAWL...
TO BE CONTINUED...

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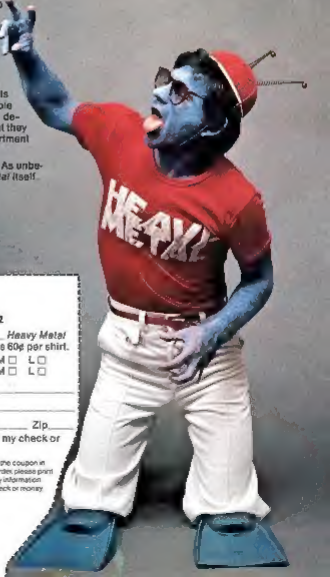

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